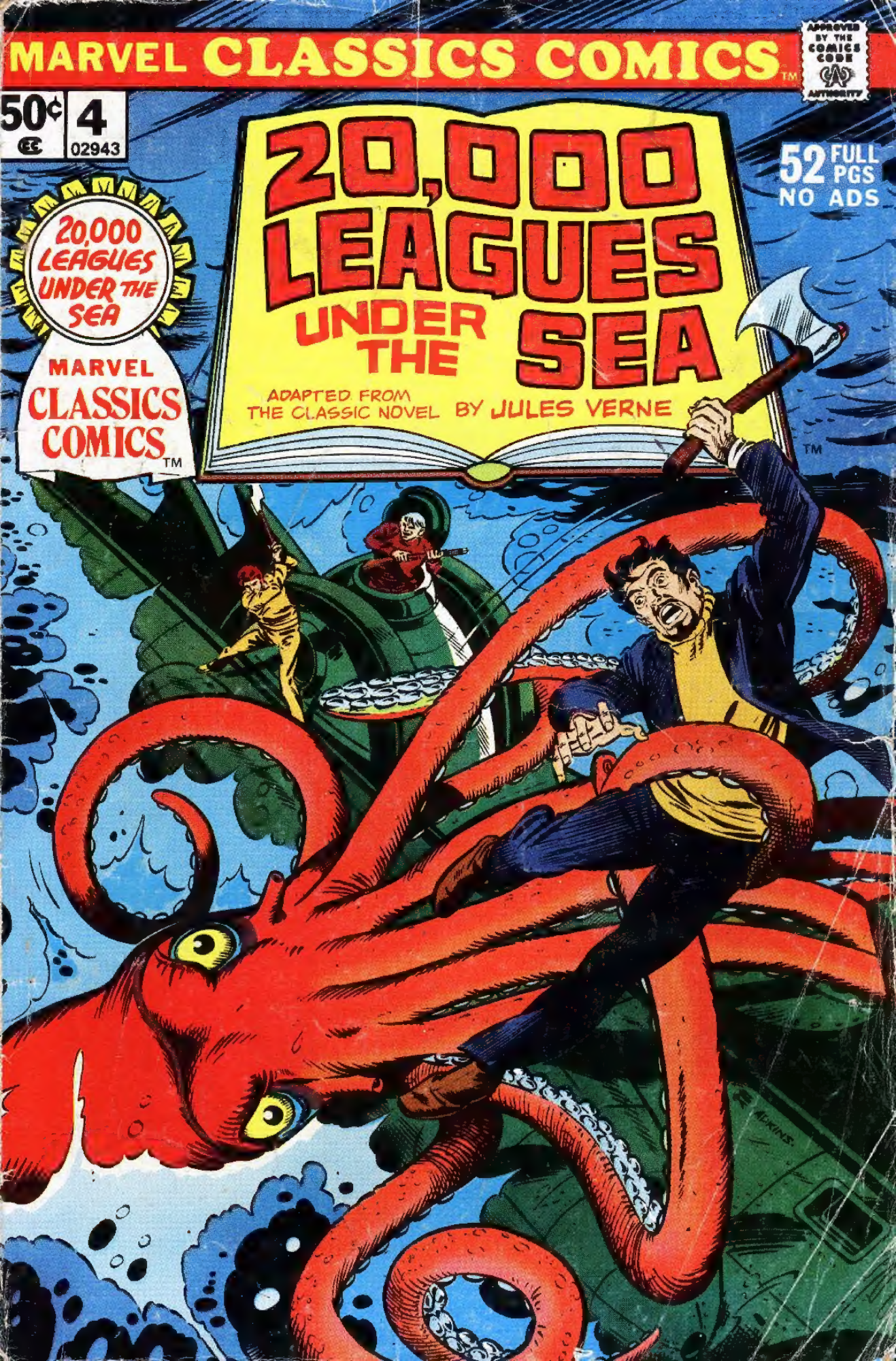
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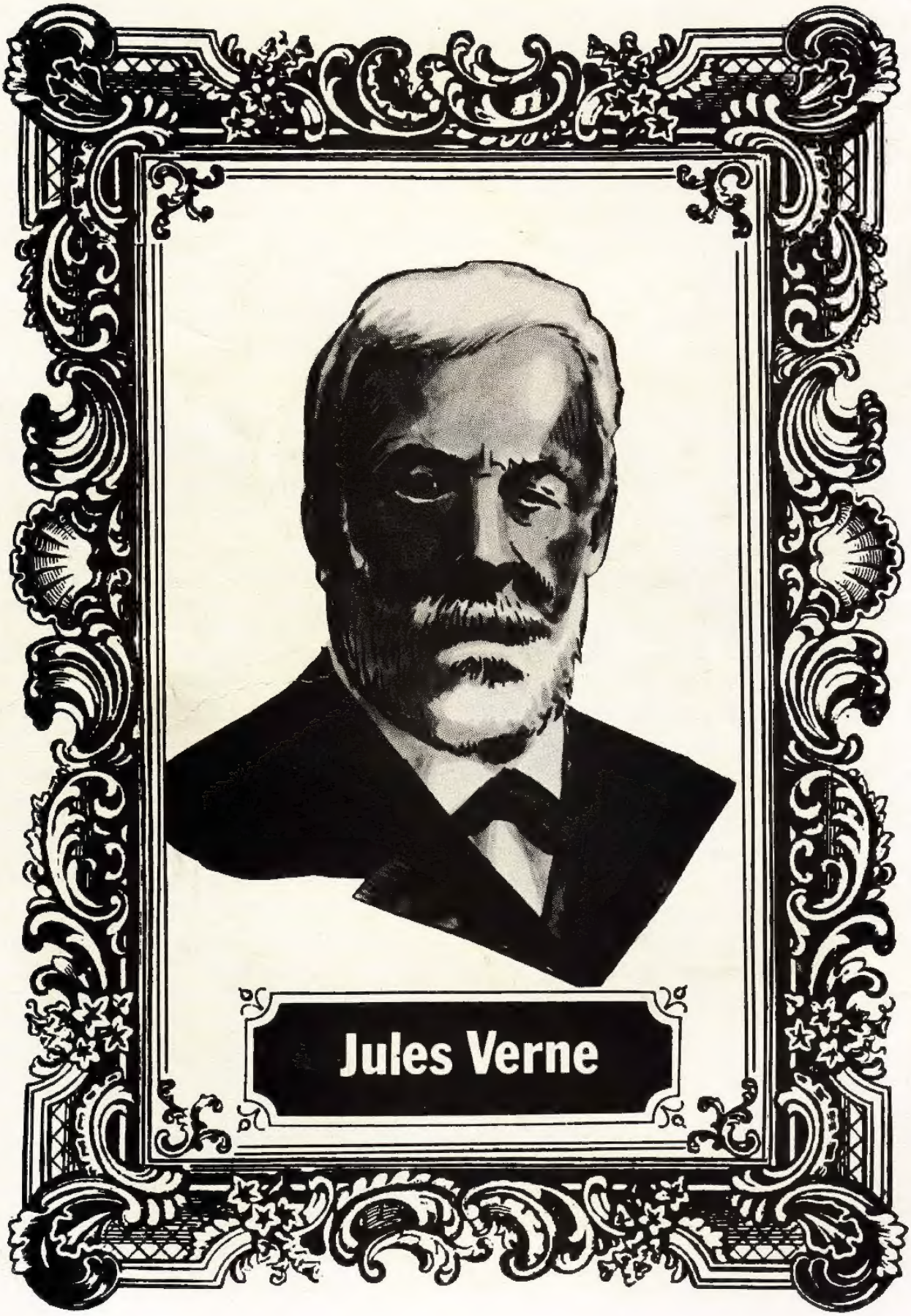

Jules Verne

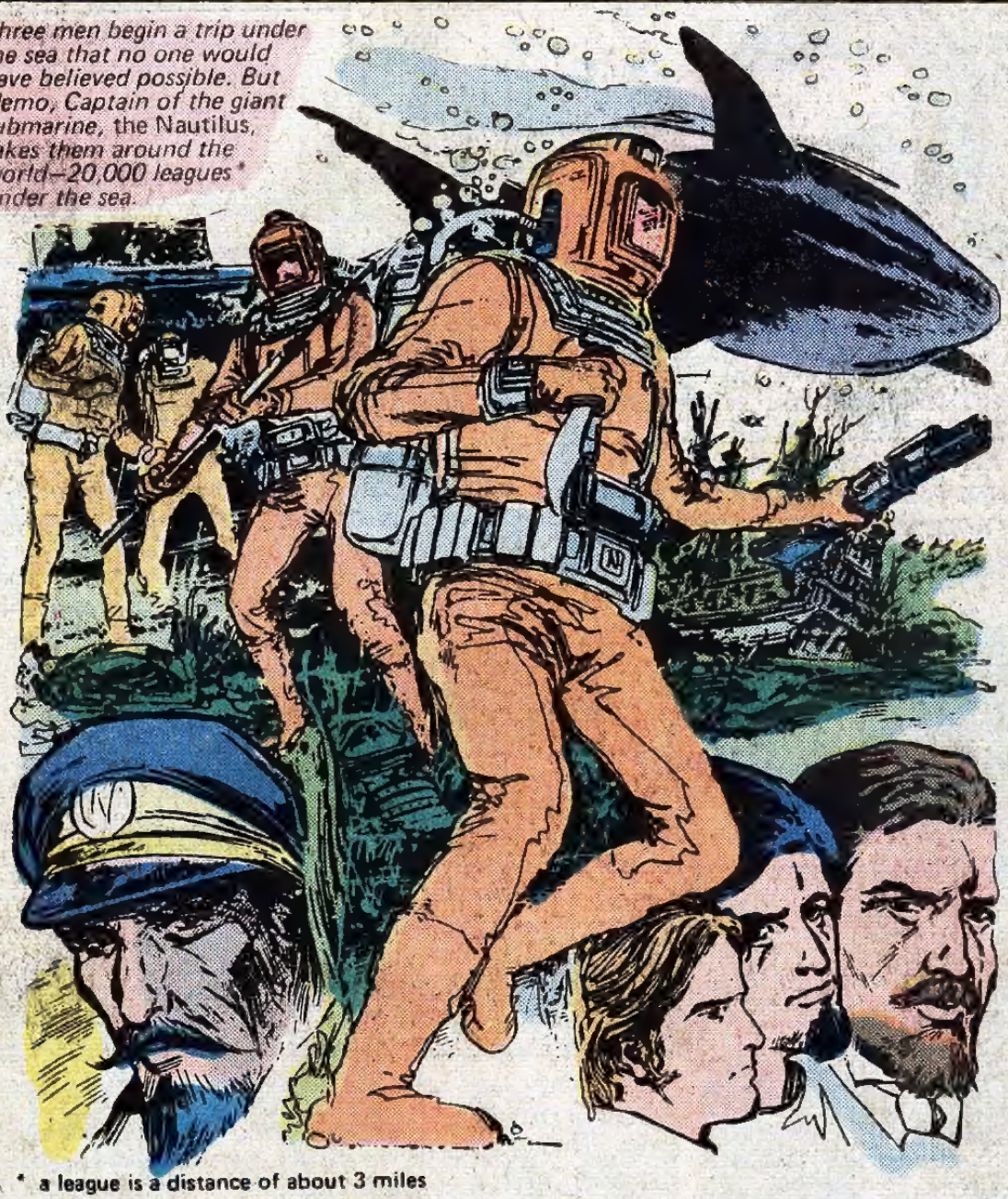
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

Jules Verne

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

Adapted by
OTTO BINDER
Illustrated by
ROMY GAMBOA
ERNIE PATRICIO
a
VINCENT FAGO
production

Three men begin a trip under the sea that no one would have believed possible. But Nemo, Captain of the giant submarine, the Nautilus, *takes them around the world—20,000 leagues* under the sea.*



* a league is a distance of about 3 miles

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I am Pierre Arronax, Professor of the Museum of Paris. I have studied the animals of the sea all my life. In the year 1866, a strange thing happened. Ships at sea had met a large unknown thing, shaped like a huge bullet. Sometimes it glowed with a light. It was much larger and faster than a whale.

On July 20th, the steamship Governor Higginson, *sailing five miles from Australia's east coast, saw what looked like a small island that behaved strangely.*

Whale ahoy! See the water shooting in the air, sir!

But who ever saw a whale that big!

As the months passed other ships reported seeing other strange things that couldn't be explained.

We're doing 18 knots*, but that giant whale is still passing us.

Where are we exactly? We must report that we've hit something.

Pump the water from the ship. We've been hit and have a hole nearly six feet across the middle.

* sea miles

And when these different sea accidents were marked on a map. . . .

If that same giant creature was seen each time, it went around the world at the unbelievable speed of 25 knots.

The United States was first to send a ship to look into the mystery. The following letter arrived three hours before the ship was to leave. It caught me in New York.

To M. Arronax
Professor in The Museum of Paris
Fifth Avenue Hotel New York
Sir.
If you will consent to join the Abraham Lincoln in this expedition, the Government of the United States will with pleasure see France represented in this enterprise.
Very cordially yours.
J. B. Hobson
Secretary of Marine

Without waiting a moment, I told my servant, Conseil, to pack.

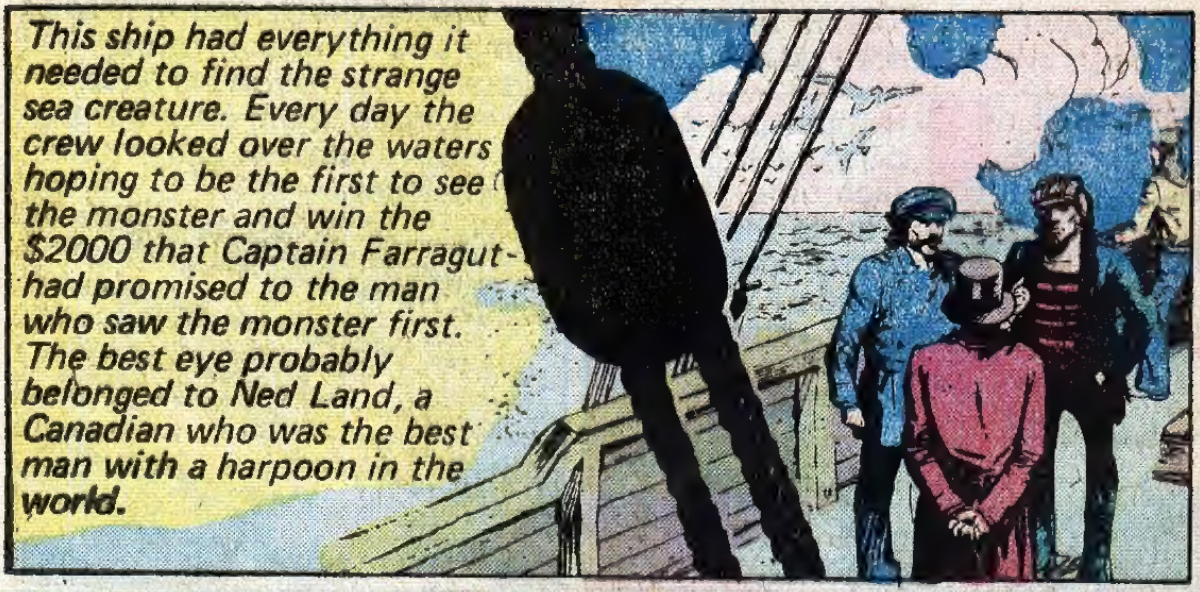
As you wish, sir.

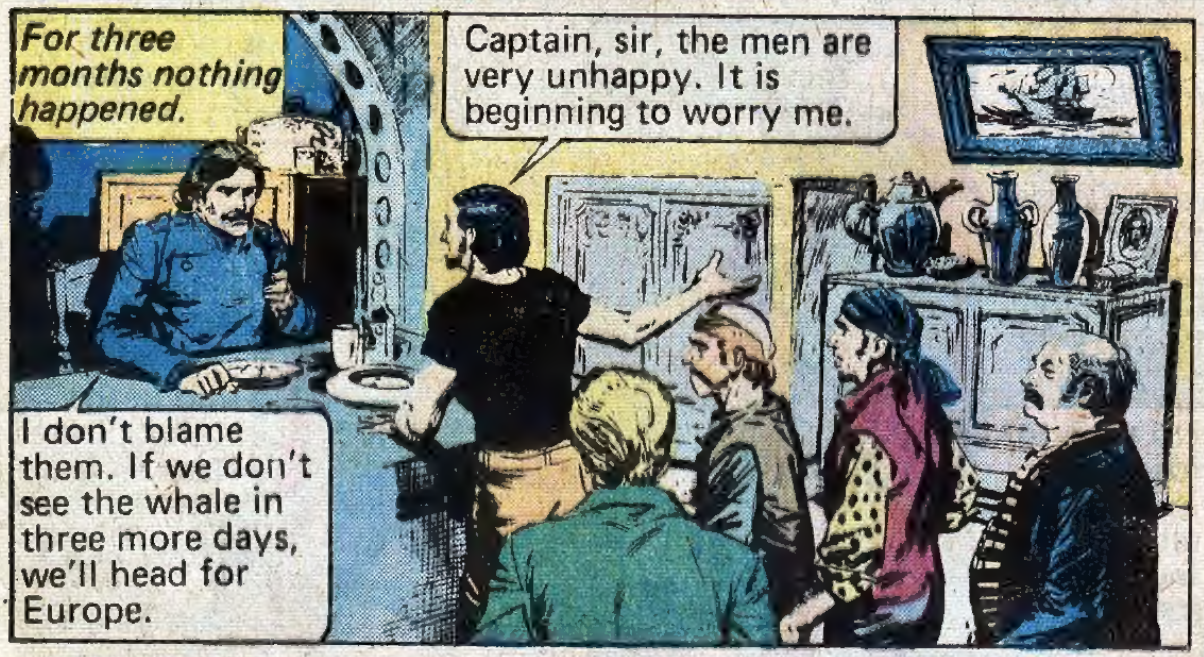
No time to lose. Lock in my trunk all my traveling clothes.

When we reported to the ship less than three hours later. . . .

Mr. Arronax! Come aboard. As you can see, this is the finest and fastest ship in the United States Navy!

The captain wasted no time in putting out to sea. Thousands of the good people of New York cheered and waved good luck!


This ship had everything it needed to find the strange sea creature. Every day the crew looked over the waters hoping to be the first to see the monster and win the $2000 that Captain Farragut had promised to the man who saw the monster first. The best eye probably belonged to Ned Land, a Canadian who was the best man with a harpoon in the world.


For three months nothing happened.
Captain, sir, the men are very unhappy. It is beginning to worry me.
I don't blame them. If we don't see the whale in three more days, we'll head for Europe.

Just before we were going to leave the area and head for other seas, we heard a shout.
Look out there! The very thing we are looking for is just behind us. Pull up the rudder and reverse the engines.

In the darkness the monster lifted out of the water and gave off a strong but strange light.

Mr. Arronax, I don't know what horrible thing is out there. I won't risk my ship in the dark. We will wait for daylight and the scene will change.

No one went to bed that night. The next day began with fog, but it soon began to clear.

This first good view made me think the thing's length was 250 feet. I figured out it breathed air like a whale.

We've turned on full steam, sir.

Turn on more steam!

Unable to catch the beast, we fired the ship's gun, which used special bullets shaped like cones.

I will follow that beast till my ship breaks up.

The chase seemed to be hopeless but it continued until that night. After disappearing for a while, the whale was seen not moving as if it were asleep.

We're within 20 feet. I can't miss with my harpoon.

When the harpoon struck, the animal's light went out suddenly, and two large jets of water flowed over the bridge of the ship knocking over men and breaking the ropes of the harpoon.
A terrible crash followed, and I was thrown over the rail and into the sea.
Help! Help!
I caught sight of something disappearing in the east. It was the ship. I was lost.
If my master would be so good as to lean on my shoulder, master would find it easier to swim!

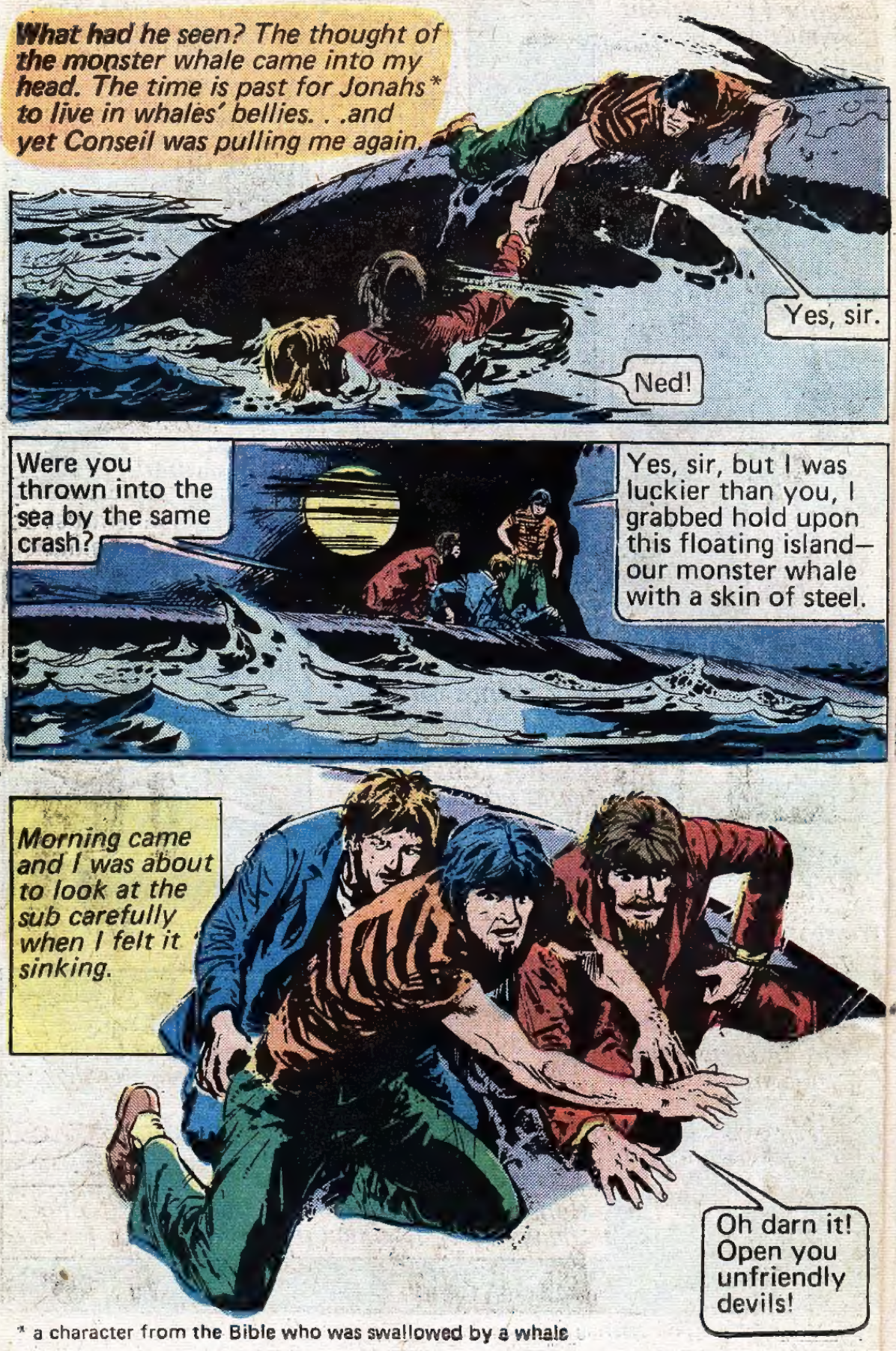
I grabbed my servant Conseil's arm with one hand.

We were in trouble. We decided that our only chance for being saved was by being picked up by one of the ship's boats, which would probably not come before morning when they would have light to see.

Some hours later, the moon appeared through the thick clouds. This little light gave us new courage. I looked in all directions.

We stopped moving around in the water to listen. It seemed as if someone answered.

* part of a boat used for steering


What had he seen? The thought of the monster whale came into my head. The time is past for Jonahs* to live in whales' bellies. . .and yet Conseil was pulling me again.
Yes, sir.
Ned!
Were you thrown into the sea by the same crash?
Yes, sir, but I was luckier than you, I grabbed hold upon this floating island— our monster whale with a skin of steel.
Morning came and I was about to look at the sub carefully when I felt it sinking.
Oh darn it! Open you unfriendly devils!

* a character from the Bible who was swallowed by a whale

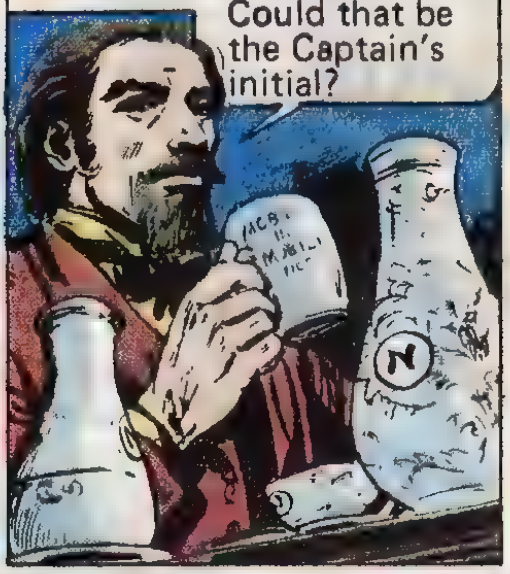
Luckily the submarine stopped sinking.
We were quickly taken in a dark room.
Here are people who are not very friendly.
Don't get excited, Ned, or you may get us all into useless trouble.
After some time lights went on in the room, the door opened, and two men came in.
If master were to tell our story, these men may understand some of the words.
By turns we each told a part of our story in different languages, after which the two strangers spoke to one another and left.
We speak to those devils in French, English, German, and Latin and not one has the kindness to answer!
Calm yourself. Anger will do no good!

Then a servant came in with dry clothes and food.

There is the problem of not knowing all languages, or the problem of not having one language that everyone speaks.

Bah! What do you suppose they eat here? Turtle liver, shark steaks, and beefsteak from sea dogs.

The dishes are fine china and the silverware is expensive. They all have a saying in Latin. . ."changing with change," plus the letter "N" Could that be the Captain's initial?

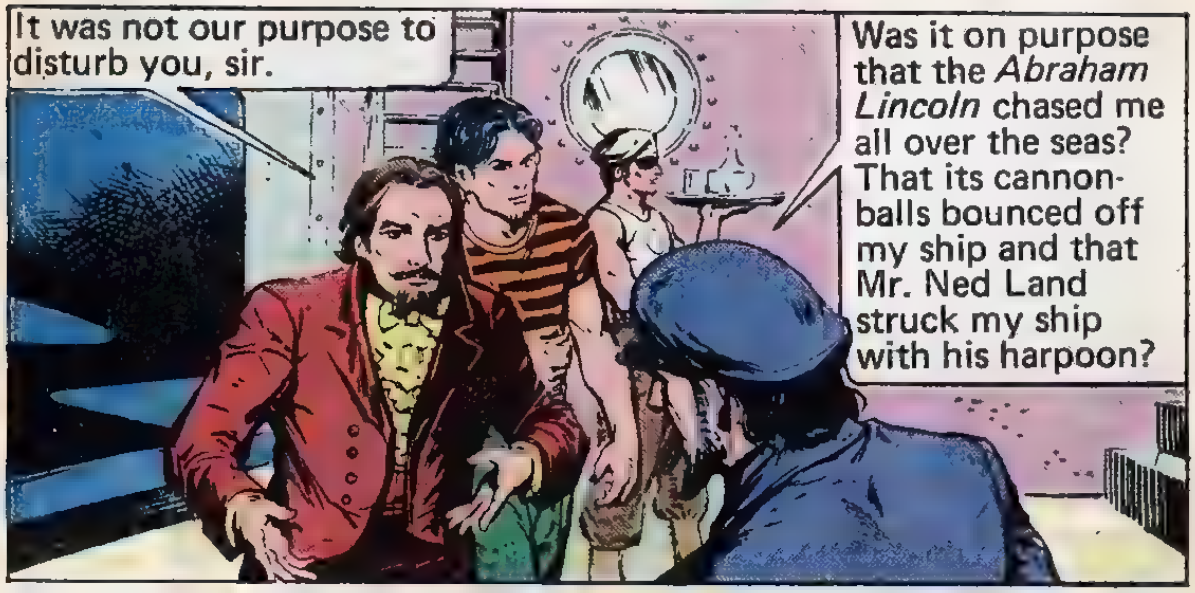


Our door was always locked when the servants left, and by the third day, Ned was so angry that he jumped the waiter.

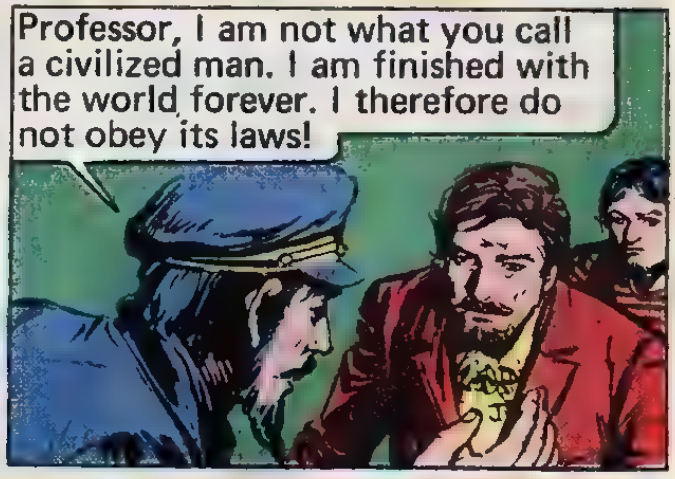
Be quiet Master Land, and you, Professor, will you be so good as to listen to me?

At these words Ned Land rose and the waiter walked out without showing the anger this man must have felt toward Ned.

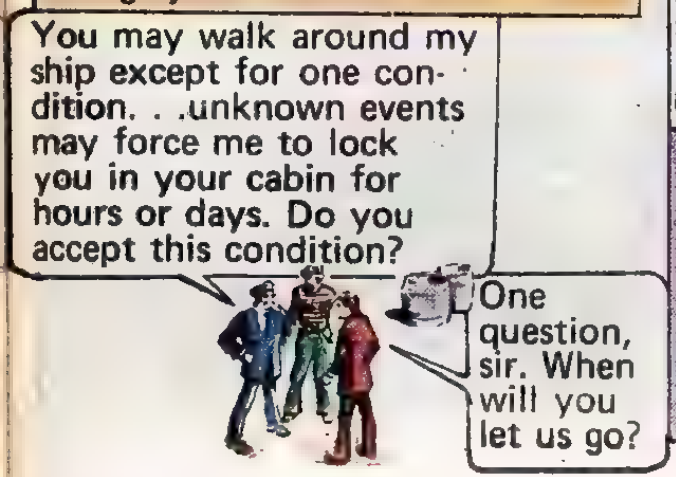
I speak your languages and could have answered you before, but I wished to know you first, then to think. The story told by each one was the same. It told me who each of you was. I wished to think carefully before acting. You are talking to a man who has left the outside world and you now come to trouble my new way of life.


It was not our purpose to disturb you, sir.
Was it on purpose that the *Abraham Lincoln* chased me all over the seas? That its cannon-balls bounced off my ship and that Mr. Ned Land struck my ship with his harpoon?

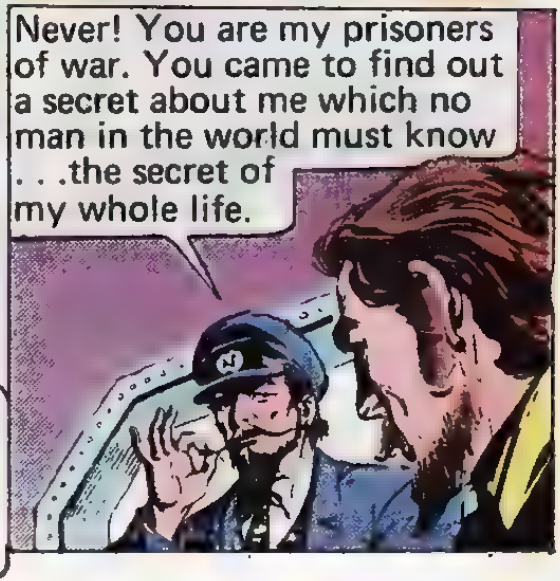
This unusual man then made a statement that shocked us all.



By the look on his face I knew he had had an unhappy past. But at the next moment, he became strangely kind.


You may walk around my ship except for one condition. . .unknown events may force me to lock you in your cabin for hours or days. Do you accept this condition?
One question, sir. When will you let us go?

The answer shook us all!


Never! You are my prisoners of war. You came to find out a secret about me which no man in the world must know . . .the secret of my whole life.

Captain Nemo spoke with great pleasure about the sea, which he loved.

The sea is everything to me. It covers seven-tenths of the earth and is the source of life. It also offers the greatest peace, for 30 feet below its level, no king rules and no horrors of war happen.

After breakfast, Captain Nemo took me among other spacious rooms, full of surprises.

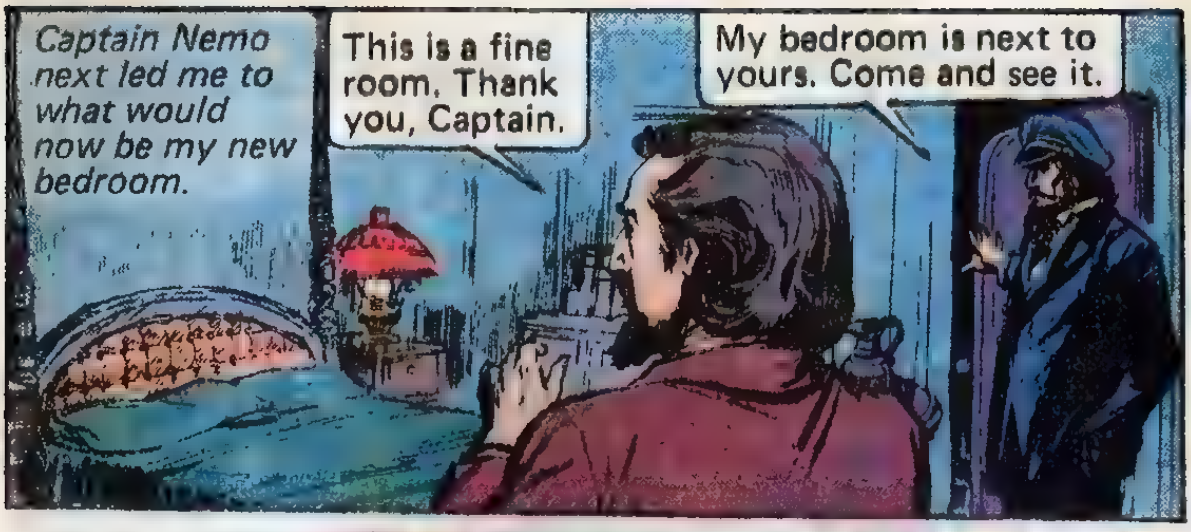
These are the only ties which I have to earth, Professor . . .12,000 books.

Twelve thousand! Why, this library would do honor to any college!

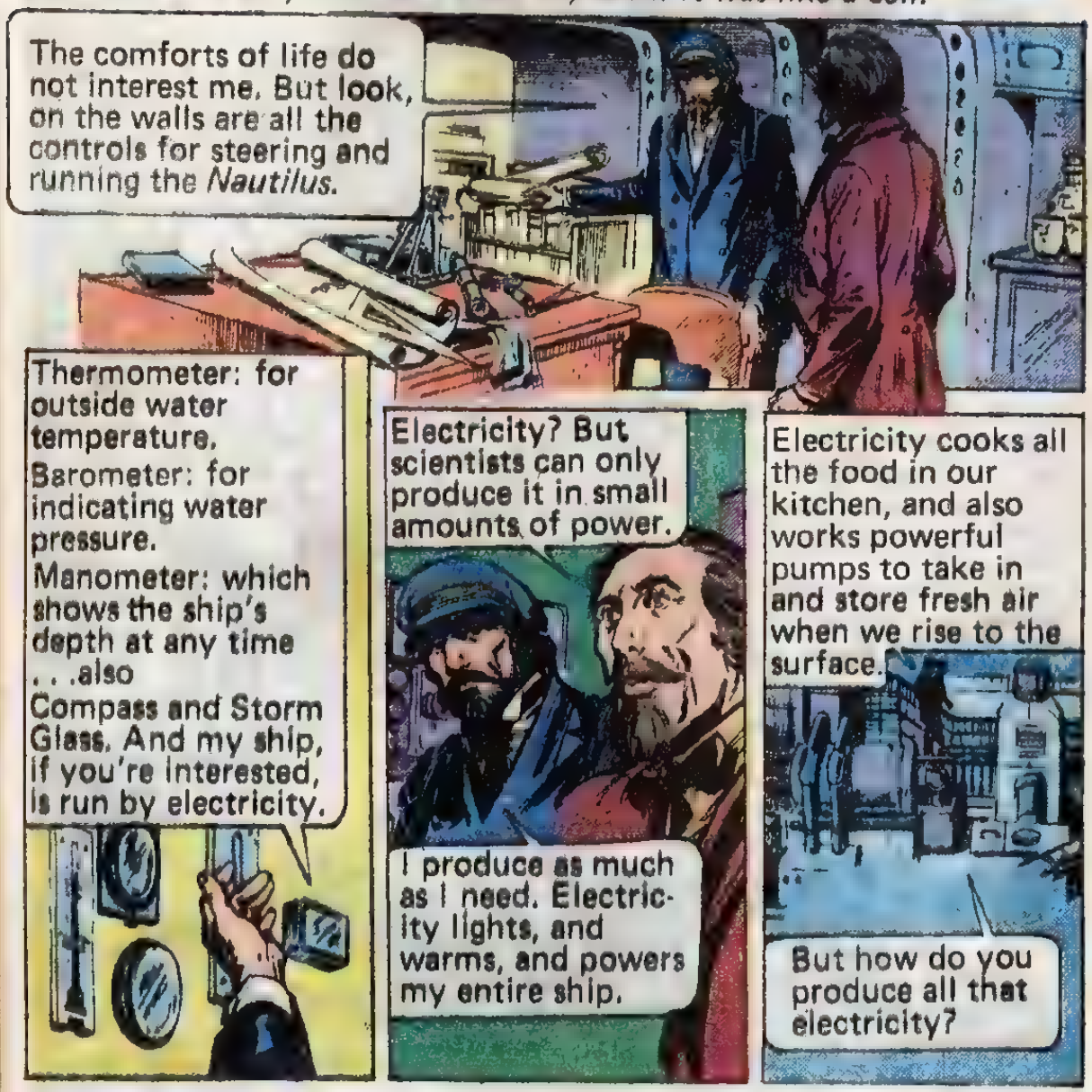
Another huge room was like a museum.

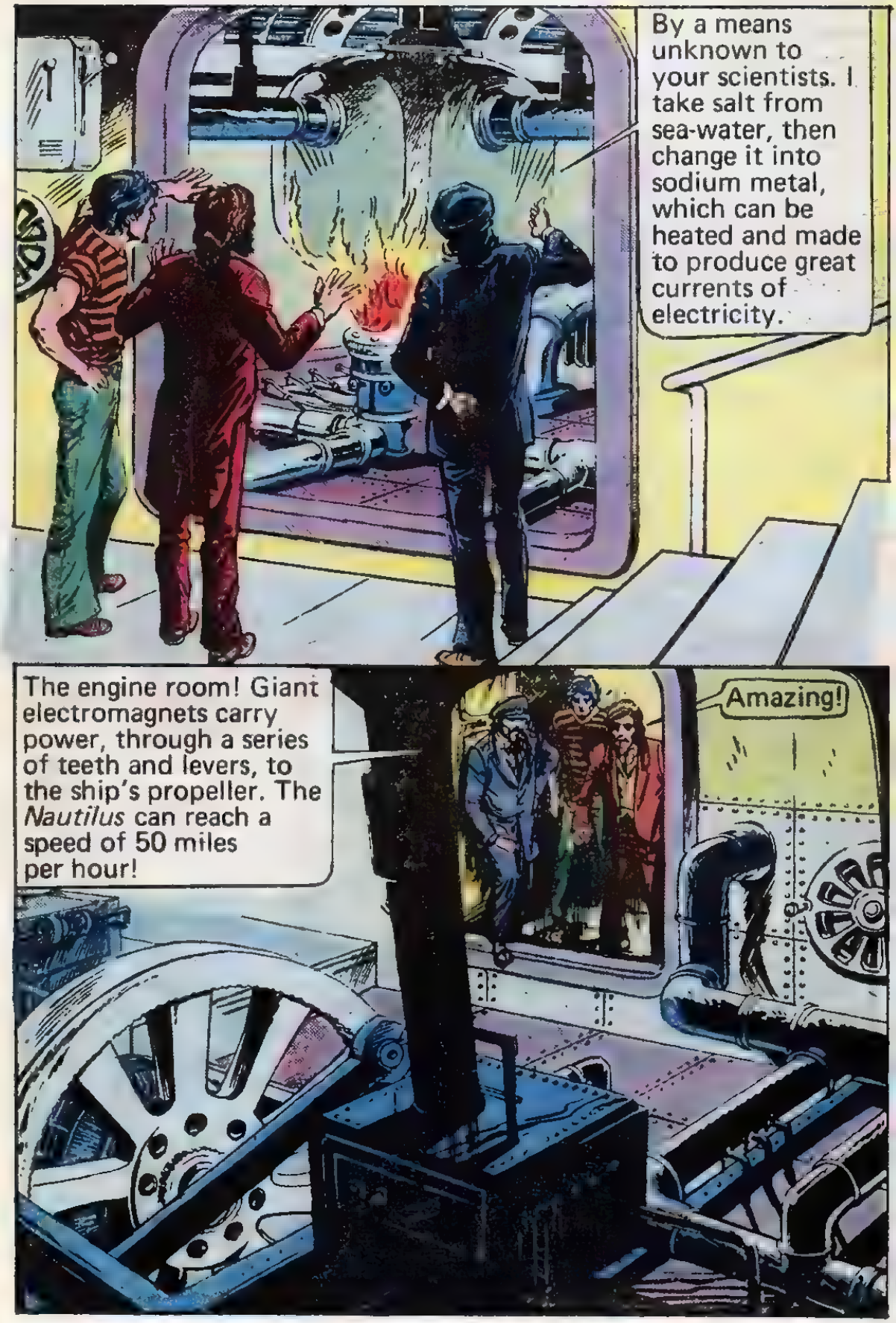
Ah, but no museum in Europe owns such a collection. Magnificent!

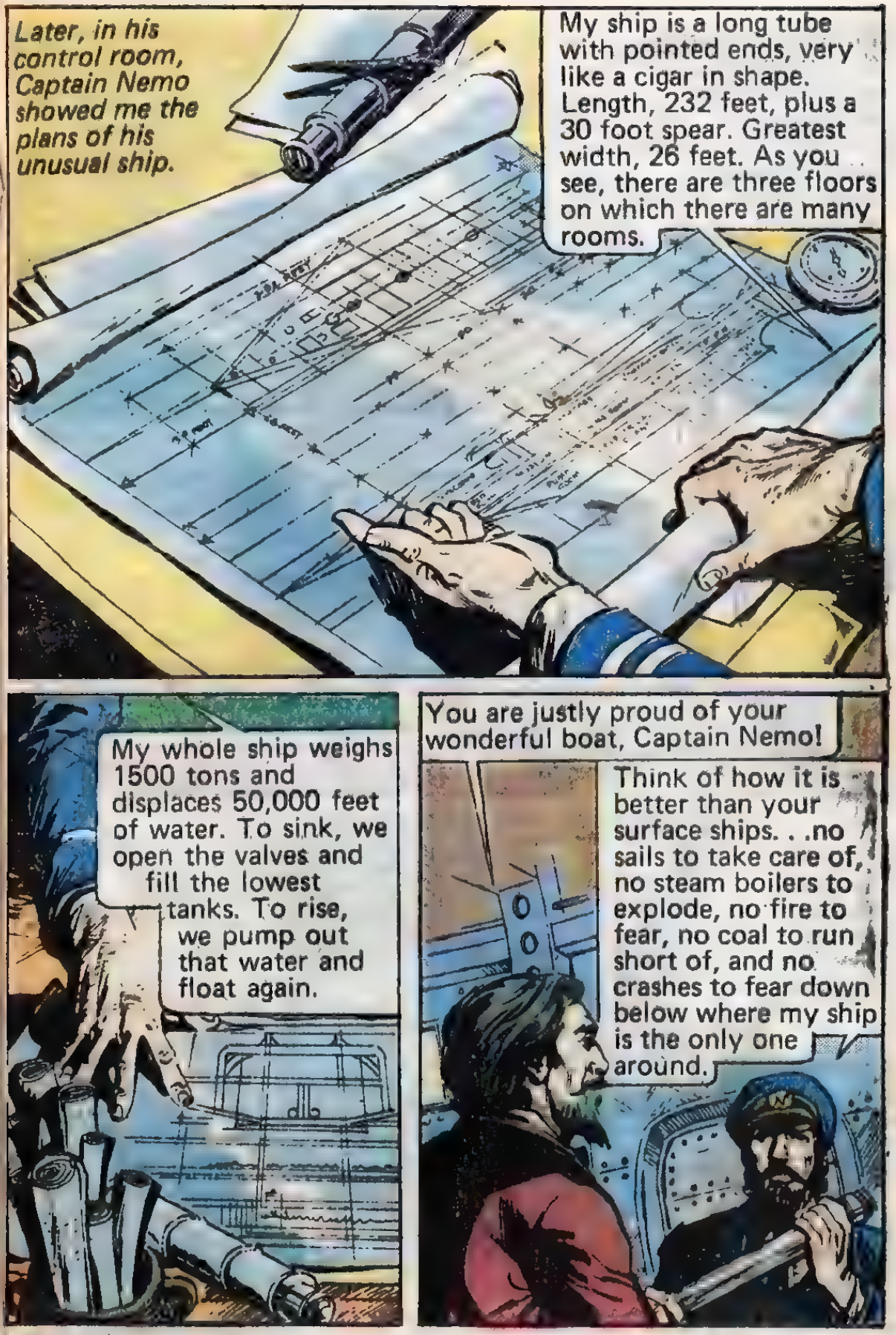
I have a collection of paintings. Also the music of the world's greatest composers, plus an organ I sometimes play.


Captain Nemo next led me to what would now be my new bedroom.
This is a fine room. Thank you, Captain.
My bedroom is next to yours. Come and see it.

His room was very different from my own. It was like a cell.


The comforts of life do not interest me. But look, on the walls are all the controls for steering and running the Nautilus.
Thermometer: for outside water temperature.
Barometer: for indicating water pressure.
Manometer: which shows the ship's depth at any time . . .also Compass and Storm Glass. And my ship, if you're interested, is run by electricity.
Electricity? But scientists can only produce it in small amounts of power.
I produce as much as I need. Electricity lights, and warms, and powers my entire ship.
Electricity cooks all the food in our kitchen, and also works powerful pumps to take in and store fresh air when we rise to the surface.
But how do you produce all that electricity?


By a means unknown to your scientists. I take salt from sea-water, then change it into sodium metal, which can be heated and made to produce great currents of electricity.
The engine room! Giant electromagnets carry power, through a series of teeth and levers, to the ship's propeller. The *Nautilus* can reach a speed of 50 miles per hour!
Amazing!


Later, in his control room, Captain Nemo showed me the plans of his unusual ship.
My ship is a long tube with pointed ends, very like a cigar in shape. Length, 232 feet, plus a 30 foot spear. Greatest width, 26 feet. As you see, there are three floors on which there are many rooms.
My whole ship weighs 1500 tons and displaces 50,000 feet of water. To sink, we open the valves and fill the lowest tanks. To rise, we pump out that water and float again.
You are justly proud of your wonderful boat, Captain Nemo!
Think of how it is better than your surface ships. . .no sails to take care of, no steam boilers to explode, no fire to fear, no coal to run short of, and no crashes to fear down below where my ship is the only one around.

For greater strength, the outer body is covered by iron plates that just overlap each other, like the shells of some turtles, or the scales of a fish.
That explains why your craft was thought to be a large sea-creature, at first!
When I told these wonders to my two friends, Ned Land and Conseil, while showing them the museum room. . . .
But Professor, didn't you find out how big his crew is? Ten men. . . twenty. . . fifty. . . a hundred?
If you are thinking of escaping, Ned, or grabbing control of the *Nautilus*, give up the idea! It is hopeless.
Suddenly, the lights went out, and we were in the dark.
Is this the end?
No, but look. Two wall panels are sliding open. We can see right out at the sea around the ship!

And at a depth of 150 feet the wonderful view of the undersea world and its colorful wonders unfolded before our eyes!
Wonderful! The rest of the world has never seen this marine wonderland and its undersea mysteries! Why, I see kinds of marine animals never known before! And look. . .an underwater mountain chain in the distance!
Unbelievable! What a sight!

We saw little of Captain Nemo for days. The crew continued to puzzle us with their unknown language.

Nautron respoc lorni virch!

Every day this man looks at the horizon and says the same thing! Its meaning is unknown to me!

Everything aboard the Nautilus *was strange. . .including the letter that was brought to me one day.*

What an odd man! A written note from Nemo, aboard his own ship!

16th November 1867
Captain Nemo hunter
Professor Aronnax and
his companion to a
hunting party which
will take place
tomorrow morning on
forests of the Island
of Crespo
---Captain Nemo
Commander of the
Nautilus

The next morning, before starting. . . .

Are we going in regular diving gear? But the life-lines carrying air cut down on a diver's movements.

Not my diving suits, sir! My own improvements of that backpack, invented by two Frenchmen, will store enough air under pressure and will let us walk underwater for nine or ten hours.

That lamp will light our way in the dark water. And this rifle is an air-gun, shooting out glass bullets which give off an electrical charge strong enough to knock out any sea-creature, without killing it.

Crewmen helped us into the unusual diving suits.

We are in a separate waterproof room that will open into the sea.

When all four of us were fully dressed in the diving suits, an outside door opened and sea-water filled the room.
The lead weights on our boots let us walk on the sea's floor.
For a quarter of a mile we wandered happily through what was bright undersea garden, of colorful beauty!
It made me sad to crush under my feet the beautiful sea animals which covered the ground by the thousands. . . .

Nemo led us finally to an undersea forest. . .of tall, straight seaweeds and tree plants that grew from the ocean floor to the surface, straight as rods of iron.

When you bend one of these plants, it immediately straightens itself again!

We came upon patches of marine plants, too, and for a moment it seemed we were on land in an above-ground forest.

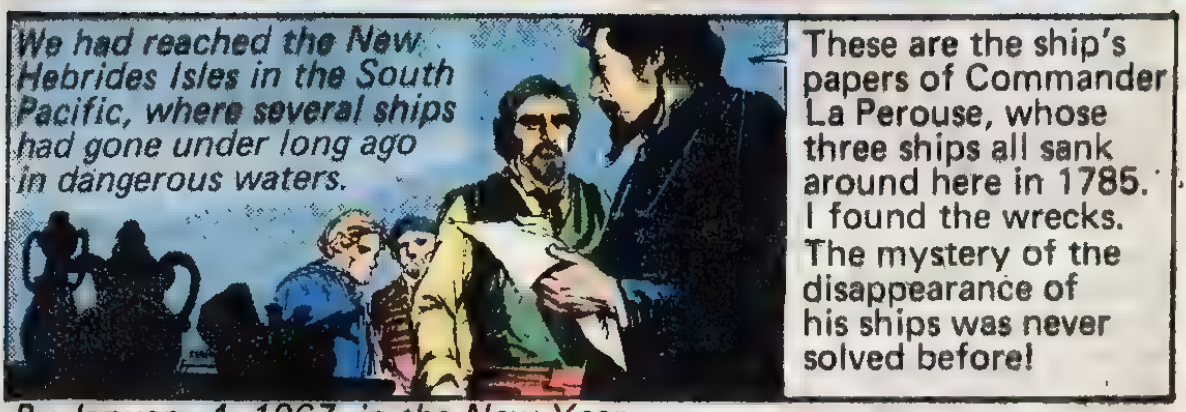
Those fish darting from branch to branch look like a swarm of hummingbirds in the air! But this is all under the sea!

Only once did real danger threaten us as two dangerous sharks swam by. Fortunately sharks have poor eyesight and failed to see us. If they had attacked, we would have had to fight for our lives.

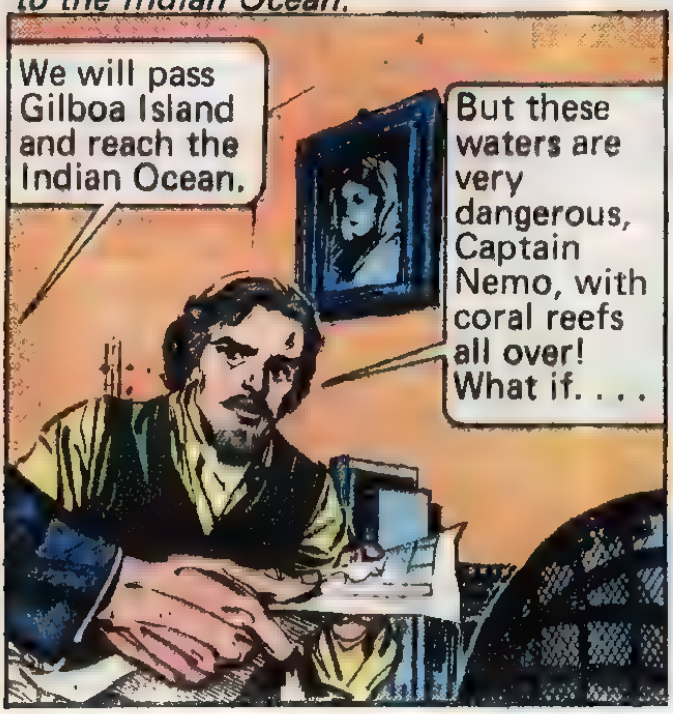
Finally, our strange underwater hunting trip was over and we returned to the Nautilus.

Nemo took us back slowly so that we climbed the slope gradually from the depths to avoid getting the bends.*

On December 25, 1867, we spent a strange Christmas Day. . . underwater!
Merry Christmas to you both!
What's merry about it? No snow down here. . . no Christmas tree aboard . . .no gifts given out! Some Christmas!


We had reached the New Hebrides Isles in the South Pacific, where several ships had gone under long ago in dangerous waters.
These are the ship's papers of Commander La Perouse, whose three ships all sank around here in 1785. I found the wrecks. The mystery of the disappearance of his ships was never solved before!

By January 4, 1867, in the New Year, the Nautilus *reached Papua and entered the Torres Straits, leading to the Indian Ocean.*


We will pass Gilboa Island and reach the Indian Ocean.
But these waters are very dangerous, Captain Nemo, with coral reefs all over! What if. . . .

And then it happened. . .a crash that shook the whole ship!

When we went on deck, it looked bad.

We're stranded, Captain! Two miles from Gilboa Island! How can the *Nautilus* ever get free? The tides are low here and will never float us free!

Wrong, Professor! In five days, at the full moon, the high tide will be a yard and a half higher, letting us escape. You will see.

My two friends had an idea.

We cannot escape for only wild men live on that island.

But why not take the small boat and hunt fresh meat there? We'll taste meat again for the first time in months!

We took a small boat and rowed toward the shore.

Once on the island we looked for animals to hunt.

There doesn't seem to be anything worth shooting around here.

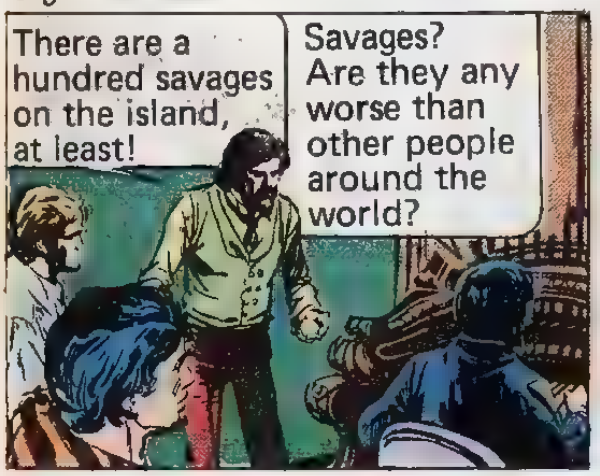
But we did find fresh fruits to add to our diet of sea foods.

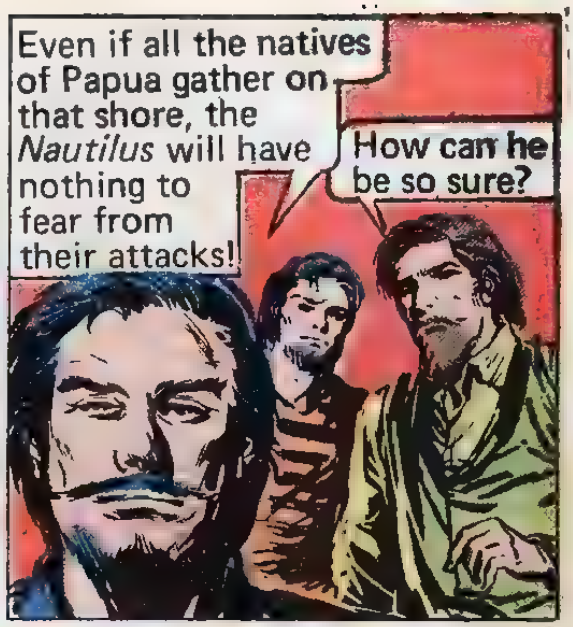
Give that tree a good shake!

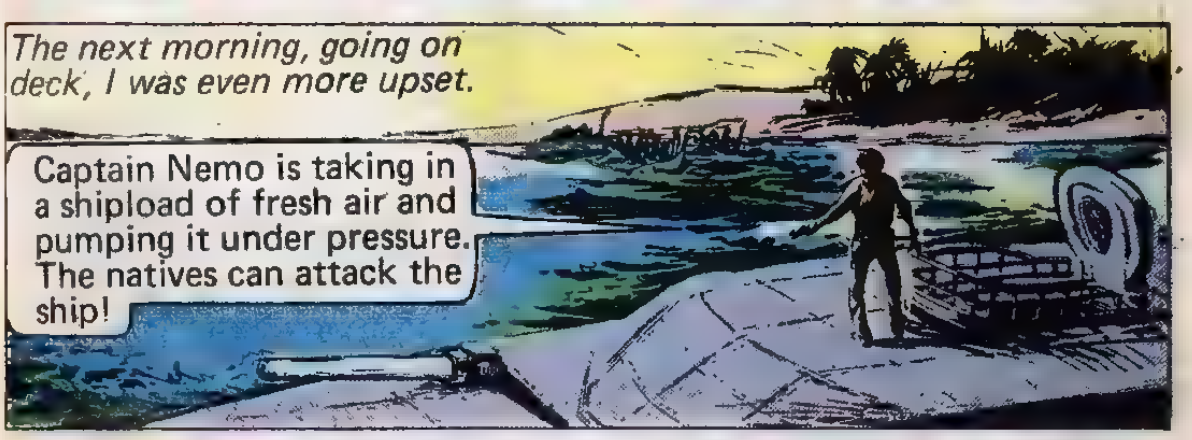
Not finding any animals, however, we had to be happy gathering a boatload of plants and fruits.
Bread-fruits . . .cabbage palms. . .yams . . .beans! A nice boat load.
But time to return to the ship. How time flies on firm ground!
Loaded with our riches, we left the shore and soon reached the Nautilus.
The ship is still stuck, so why not return to the island again tomorrow? Sooner or later we'll find animals to shoot.
The next morning found us at the island and before long. . .
Wood pigeons! We'll soon eat them.
As we ate our large meal. . . .
Suppose we never return? We could row to some island and perhaps meet a ship.

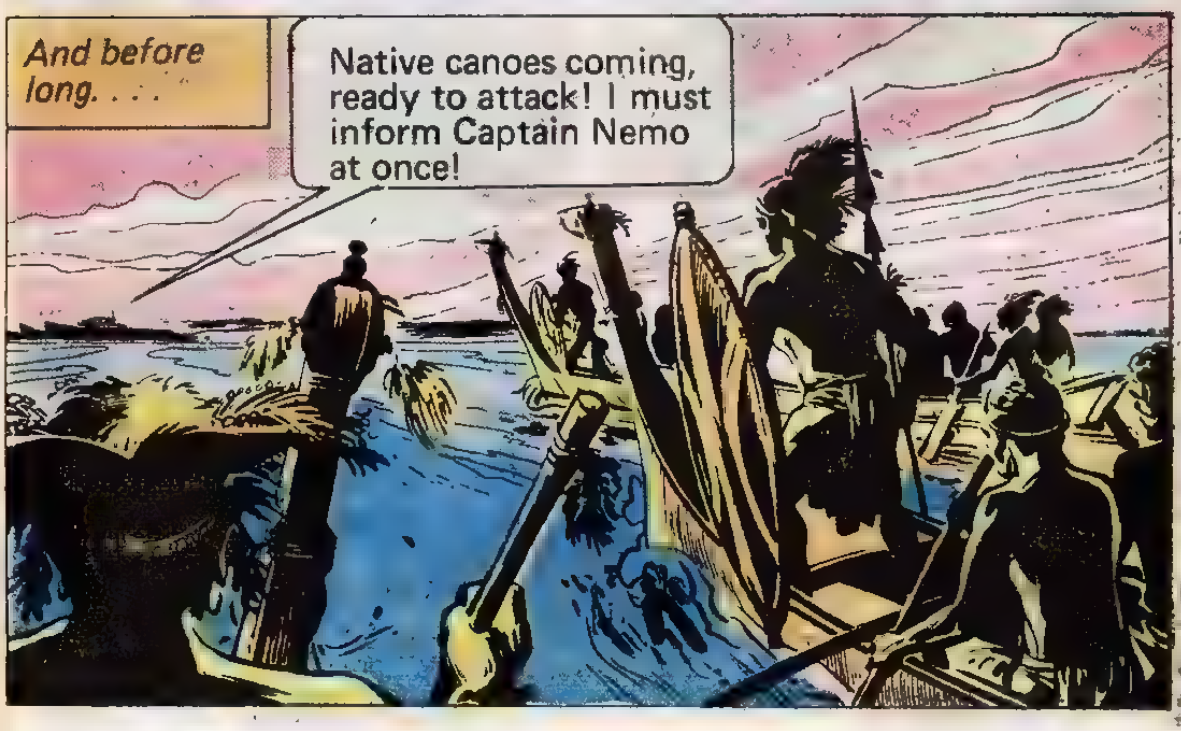
Suddenly Ned stopped talking.
A stone! They do not fall from the sky.
That stone was thrown!
We started to leave quickly when. . . .
Hurry! Load the boat. I've got most of our meat.
It would be a pity to leave these fruits behind!
To the *Nautilus* . . .faster!

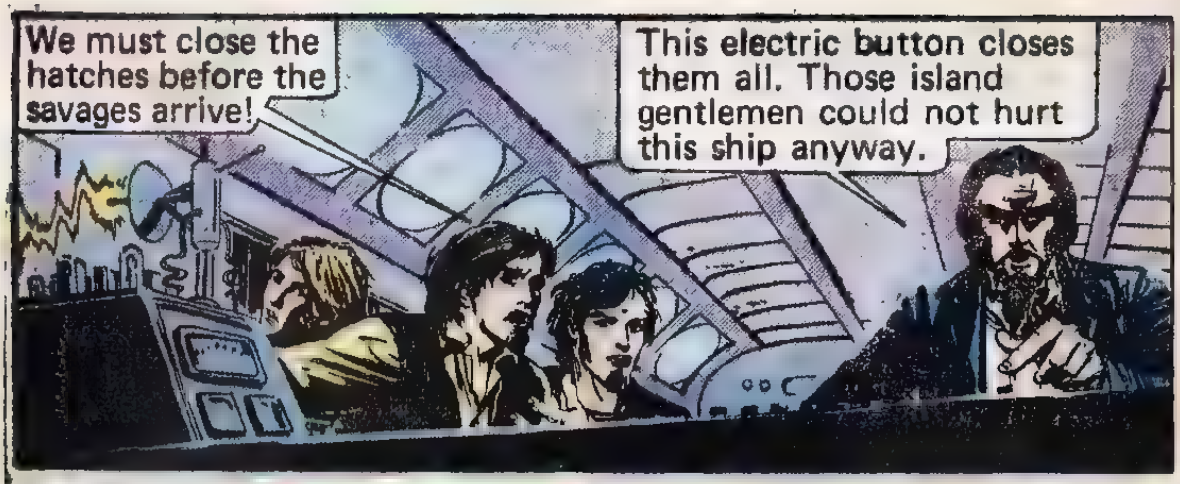
Nobody was there to meet us and later, I reported to Captain Nemo down in his museum, playing his organ.

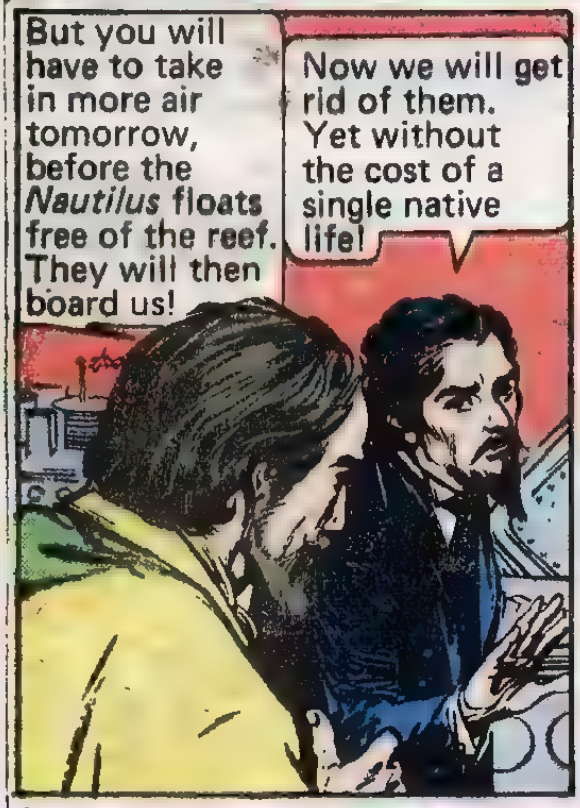



Even if all the natives of Papua gather on that shore, the *Nautilus* will have nothing to fear from their attacks!
How can he be so sure?

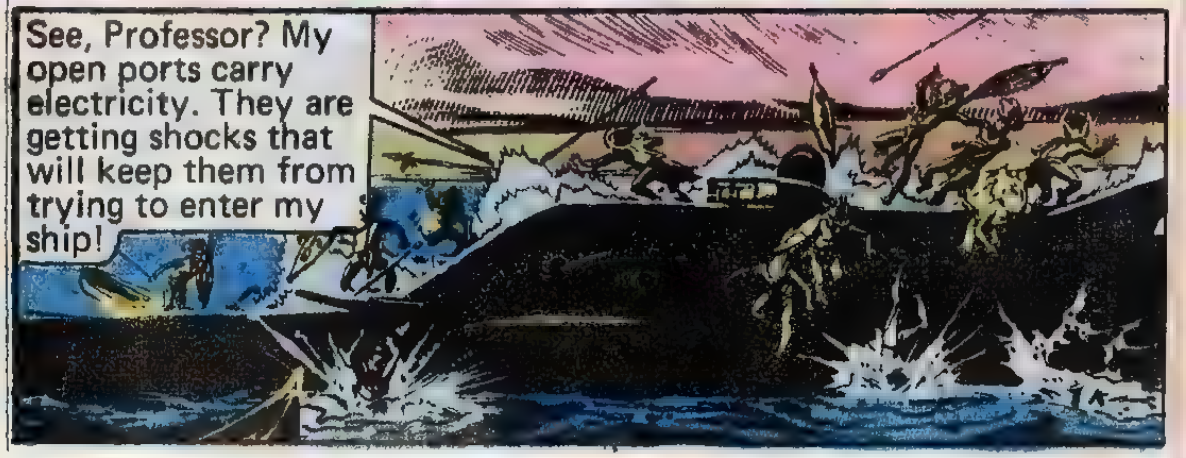

The next morning, going on deck, I was even more upset.
Captain Nemo is taking in a shipload of fresh air and pumping it under pressure. The natives can attack the ship!




We must close the hatches before the savages arrive!
This electric button closes them all. Those island gentlemen could not hurt this ship anyway.


But you will have to take in more air tomorrow, before the *Nautilus* floats free of the reef. They will then board us!
Now we will get rid of them. Yet without the cost of a single native life!

Captain Nemo was speaking in riddles! Next day, as the hatches were again opened. . . .



I explained to the confused Ned what had happened.

And at that moment, the Nautilus, raised by the last waves of the high tide, left her coral bed exactly at the time Captain Nemo said it would.

On January 16, 1867, in the Indian Ocean, the Nautilus *floated in the middle of a phosphorescent* sea, a strange sight indeed!*

As you know, Professor, this unusual light is produced by thousands of shining small animals. This is truly living light!

On the 18th of January, as the ship rose to pump air, I saw Captain Nemo become excited when looking through his telescope.

What is it, Commander? What do you see on the horizon?

Do not ask, Professor! It is not your problem!

I wanted to know, so I used my own small telescope when the deck was empty.

Something he saw seemed to upset Nemo greatly. Could it be some ship?

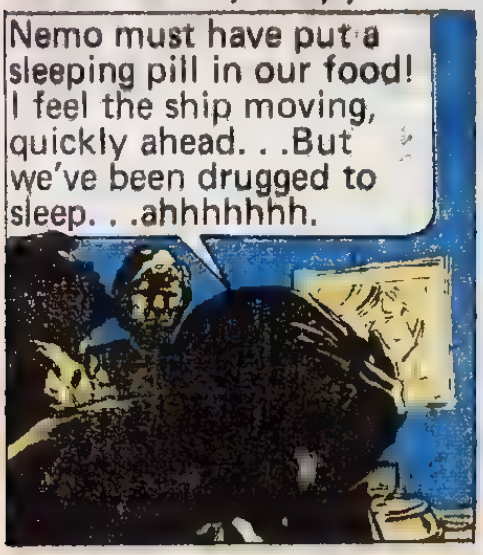
But I no sooner looked through the glass, than it was quickly pulled out of my hands!

I told you it was none of your business. You must now be kept below, with your friends, until I want to let you go!

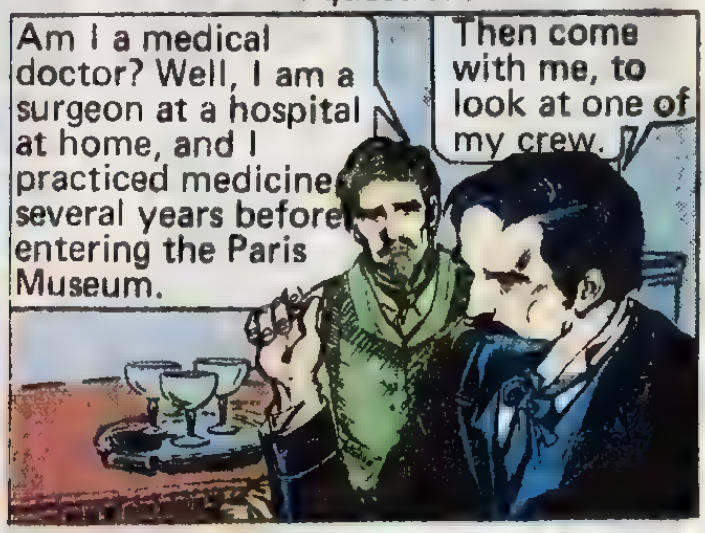
* glows in the dark

We were locked in.
What is this all about, sir?
I-I don't know, Conseil! There was a strange fear in Captain Nemo's face, for some reason. It's a riddle!

Suddenly, the lights went out, and at the same time we all felt very sleepy.


Nemo must have put a sleeping pill in our food! I feel the ship moving, quickly ahead. . .But we've been drugged to sleep. . .ahhhhhhh.

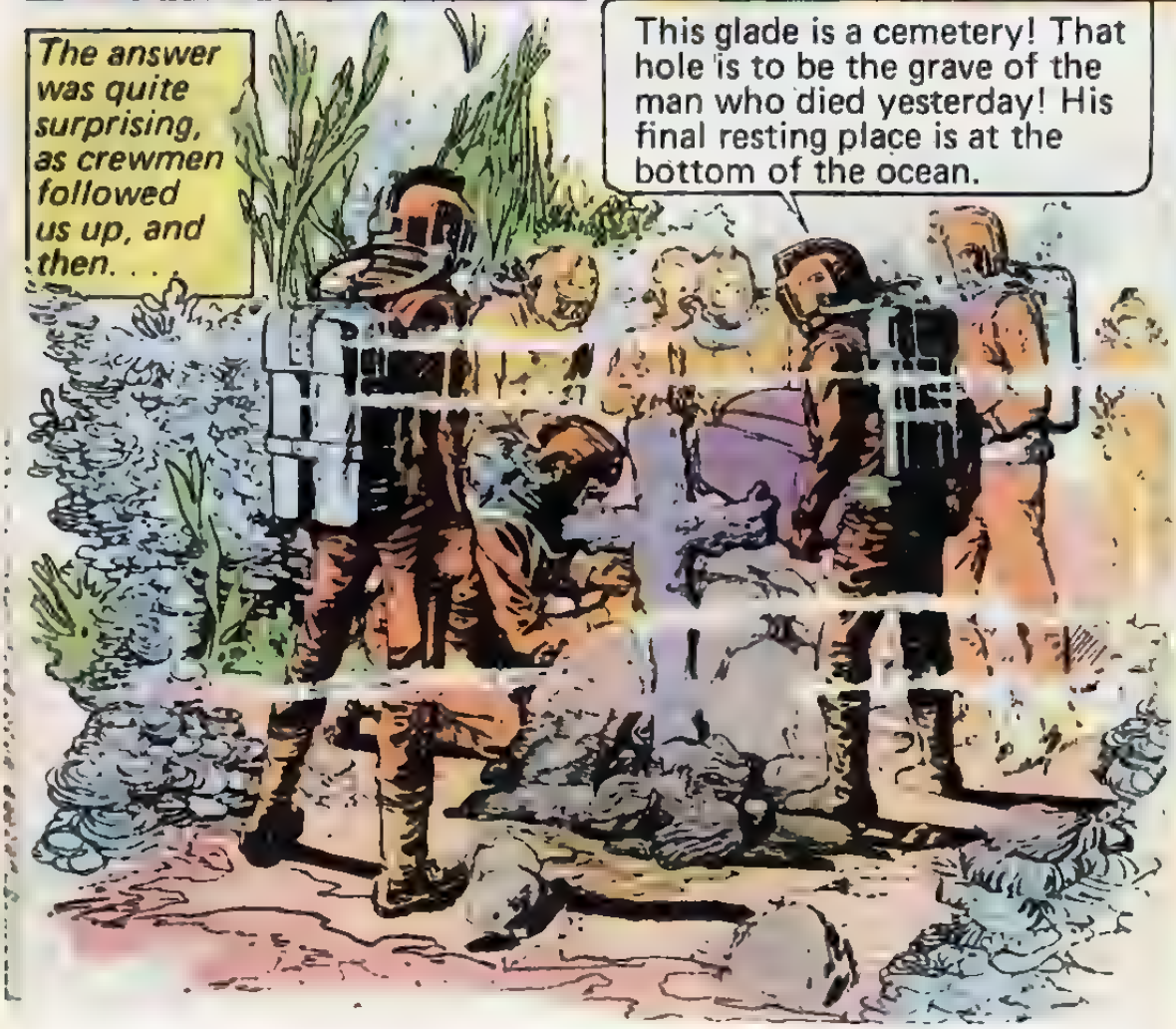
The next morning, we had no idea of what had happened the night before, but one slight clue came when Captain Nemo asked me a question.


Am I a medical doctor? Well, I am a surgeon at a hospital at home, and I practiced medicine several years before entering the Paris Museum.
Then come with me, to look at one of my crew.

Nemo took me to a cabin where one of the crew lay dying.

There was nothing I could do for the man. His skull was badly crushed.

Next morning, at the Captain's order, all three of us put on diving gear for an underwater walk at shallow depths.


The answer was quite surprising, as crewmen followed us up, and then. . .
This glade is a cemetery! That hole is to be the grave of the man who died yesterday! His final resting place is at the bottom of the ocean.

Later, back aboard the Nautilus. . . .

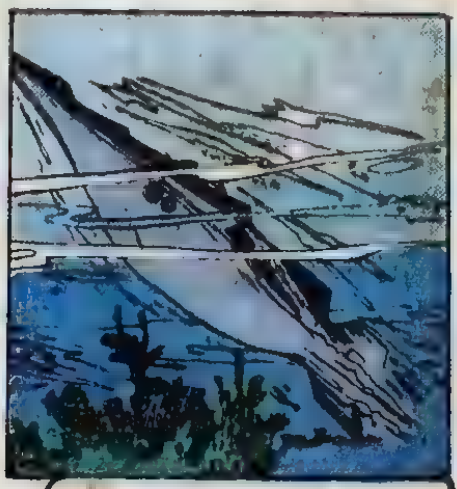
Coral builds up over those graves, sealing the bodies forever!

Our dead sleep quietly, out of the reach of sharks . . .and men!

Into the Indian Ocean the Nautilus *sailed, that large body of water over a billion acres in area! We've been going at a fast speed for days, and crossed the equator on January 26th. Where is Captain Nemo heading?*

I believe I had the answer to the mystery of this latest death among his crew.

I think the *Nautilus* attacked and sank a ship that night we were put to sleep! When the ship's spear rammed through the other ship, that man was probably thrown off his feet so hard that his head was bashed in! But why did Nemo attack the ship?



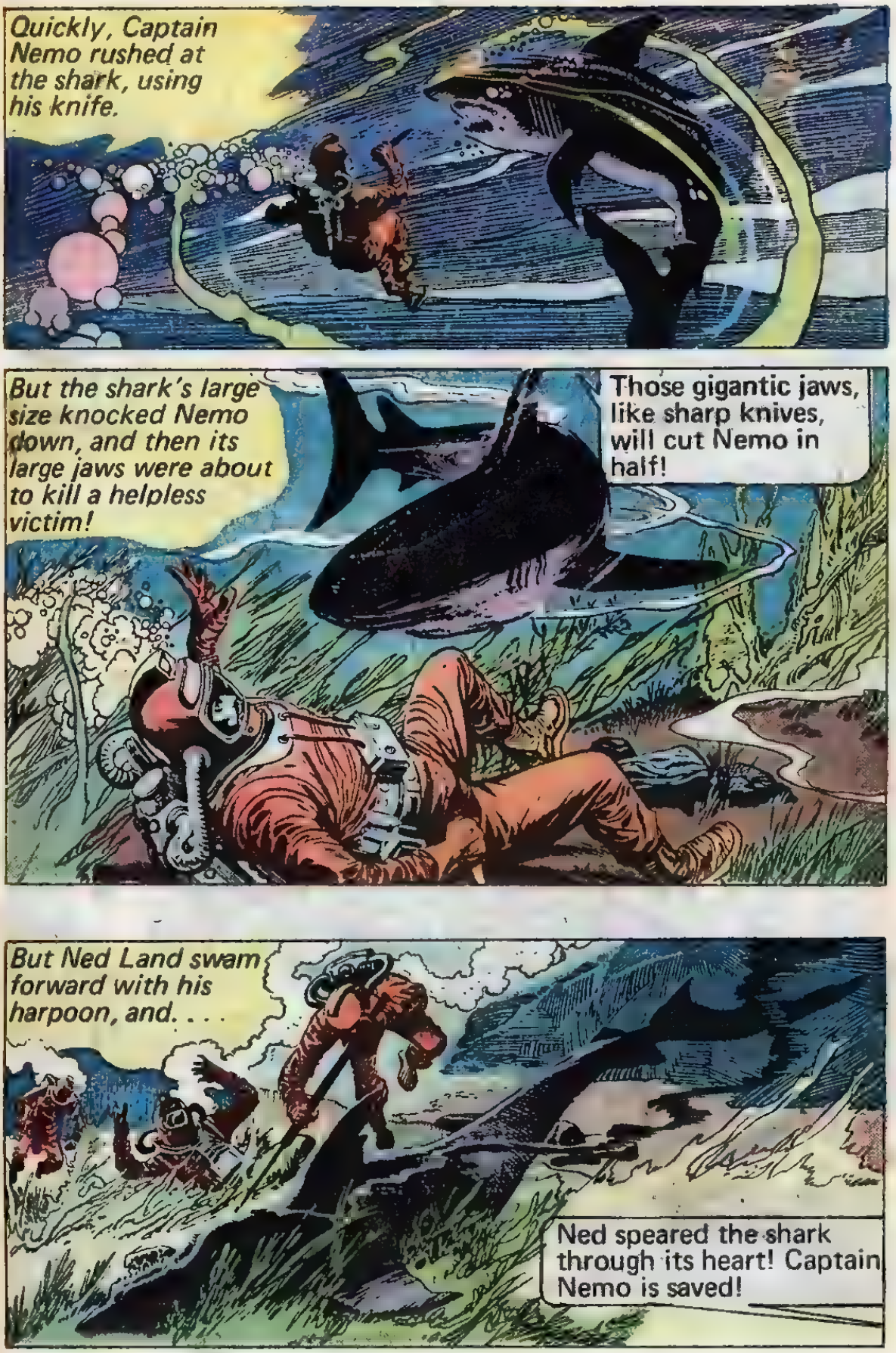
It proved to be the shores of Ceylon, where the famous pearl fishing grounds are located, and one day in our diving suits. . . .

Nemo has led us to the pearl beds.

And in an underwater cave. . . ,

That oyster is gigantic, two and a half yards wide! It must weigh 600 pounds! Captain Nemo is forcing it open.

That pearl inside is the size of a coconut! It must be worth two and a half million American dollars. . .and it's still growing each year!
Later, in the oyster beds, we watched a pearl fisherman dive.
That East Indian is going to open up oysters and collect pearls.
Suddenly, out of nowhere, a giant shark attacked and its powerful tail knocked down the diver!

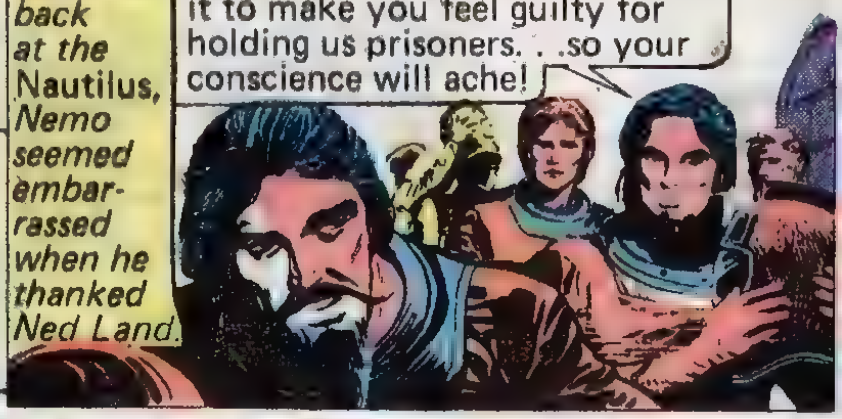

Quickly, Captain Nemo rushed at the shark, using his knife.
But the shark's large size knocked Nemo down, and then its large jaws were about to kill a helpless victim!
Those gigantic jaws, like sharp knives, will cut Nemo in half!
But Ned Land swam forward with his harpoon, and. . . .
Ned speared the shark through its heart! Captain Nemo is saved!

Getting up, Nemo quickly rushed to save the drowning pearl fisherman.

That saves the fisherman, too! Captain Nemo is the champion of the poor, and those whom others treat poorly.

Later back at the Nautilus, *Nemo seemed embarrassed when he thanked Ned Land.*

It was in revenge, Captain. I did it to make you feel guilty for holding us prisoners. . .so your conscience will ache!



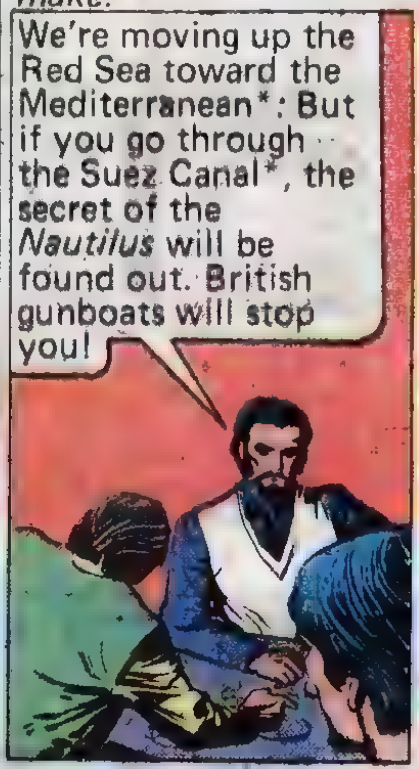
Captain Nemo, in turn, said a strange thing to me.

Sir, you were brave to save that pearl-diver. Whatever you have against the outside world, your heart is not entirely hard!

That Indian, sir, lives in a cruel country. And I am still, and shall be to my last breath, one of them.

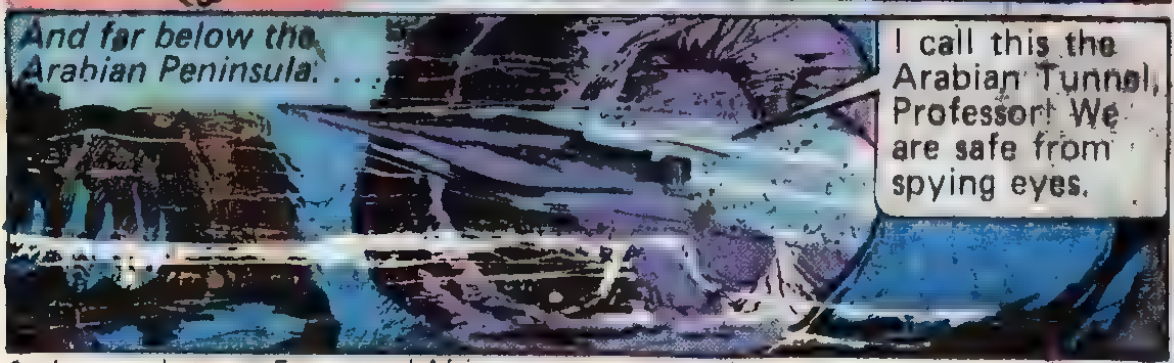
It was on February 11, 1867, that Captain Nemo told me of a daring move he would make.

We're moving up the Red Sea toward the Mediterranean*: But if you go through the Suez Canal*, the secret of the *Nautilus* will be found out. British gunboats will stop you!



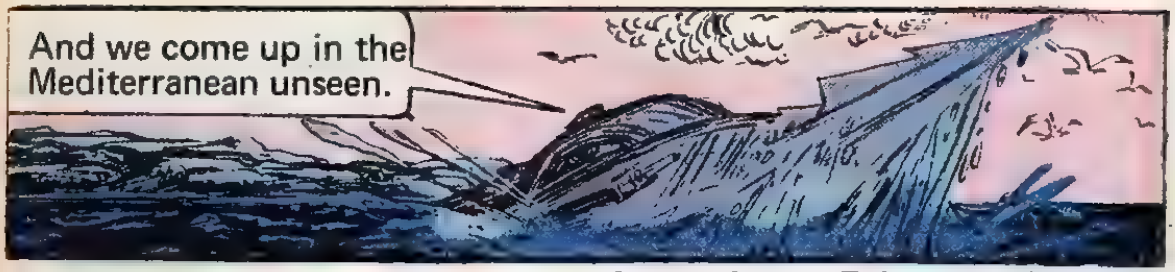
And far below the Arabian Peninsula. . .

I call this the Arabian Tunnel, Professor! We are safe from spying eyes.

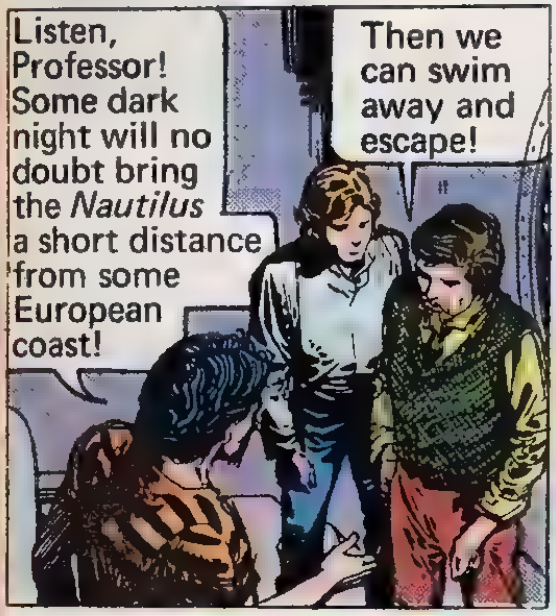


* a large sea between Europe and Africa

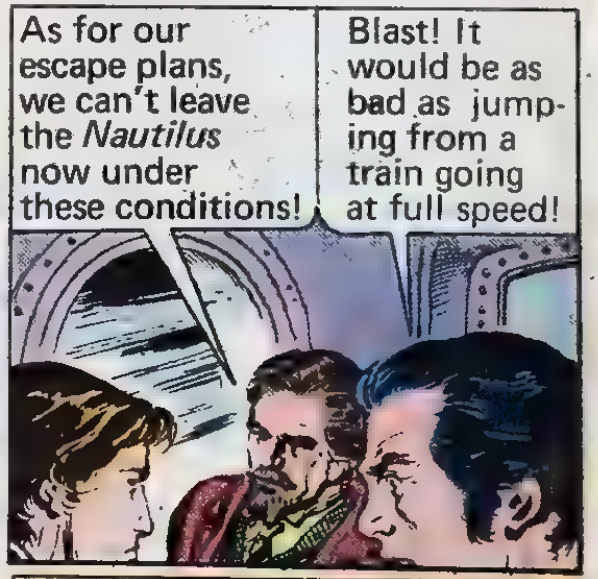
* a man-made canal that joins the Mediterranean to the Red Sea



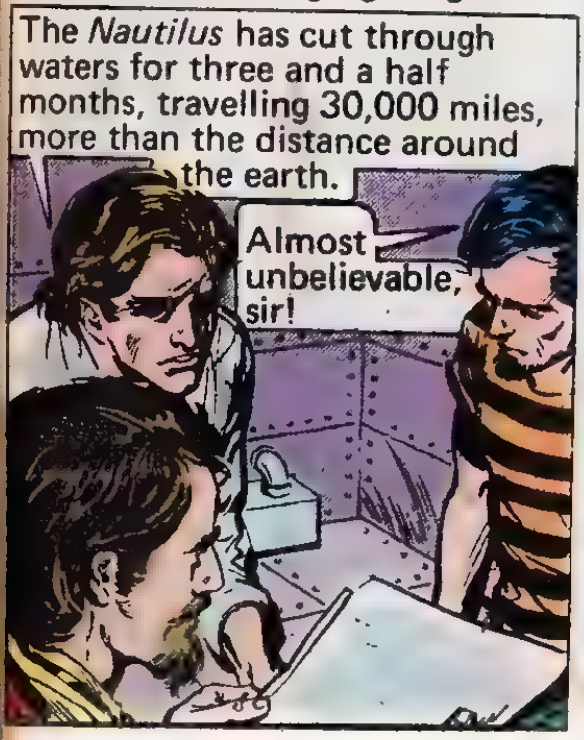
Meanwhile, my two friends had been planning.


Listen, Professor! Some dark night will no doubt bring the *Nautilus* a short distance from some European coast!
Then we can swim away and escape!

At sunrise on February 18th, we sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, at a speed that terrified Ned Land.

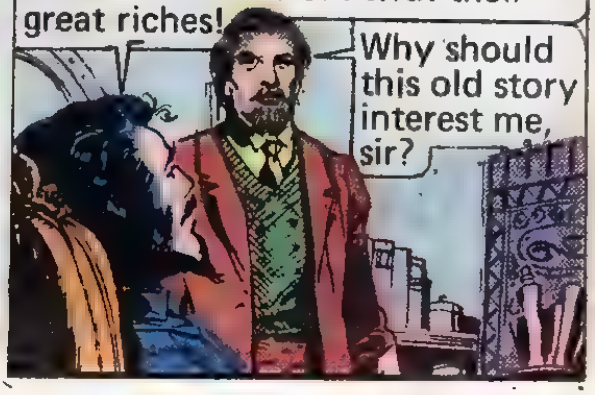

As for our escape plans, we can't leave the *Nautilus* now under these conditions!
Blast! It would be as bad as jumping from a train going at full speed!

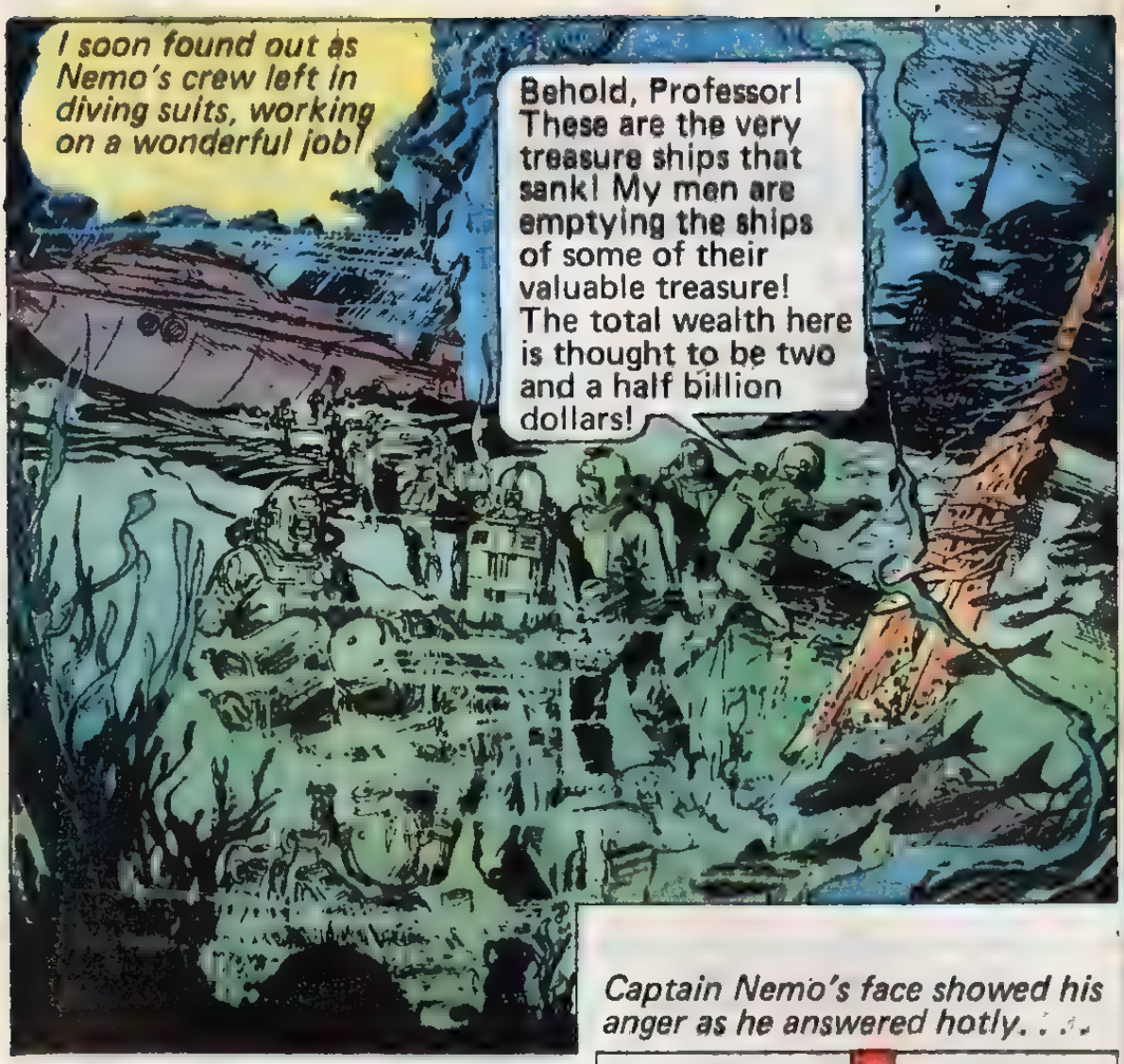
As we sailed out into the Atlantic, I did some amazing figuring.


The *Nautilus* has cut through waters for three and a half months, travelling 30,000 miles, more than the distance around the earth.
Almost unbelievable, sir!

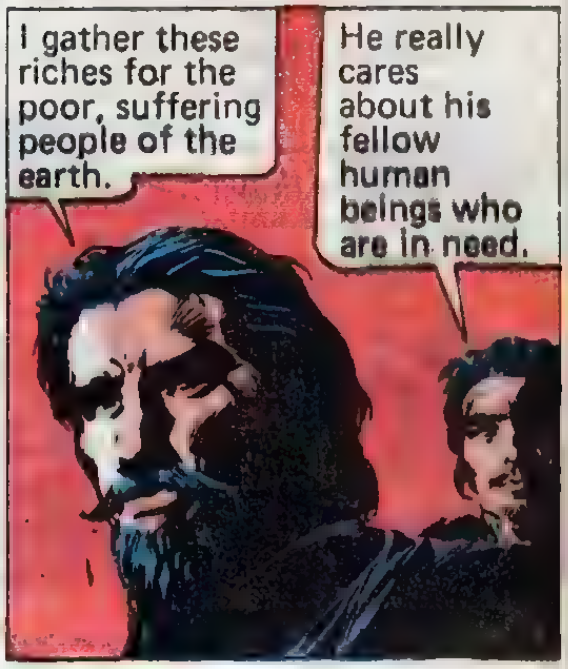
Next day, as we entered Vigo Bay off the coast of Spain, Captain Nemo told of an old-time sea battle.

On October 22, 1702, an English war fleet arrived in Vigo Bay and attacked the poorer French fleet, which was loaded with Spanish gold from America. The French admiral, knowing he would lose, burnt and sank every ship, which went to the bottom with their great riches!

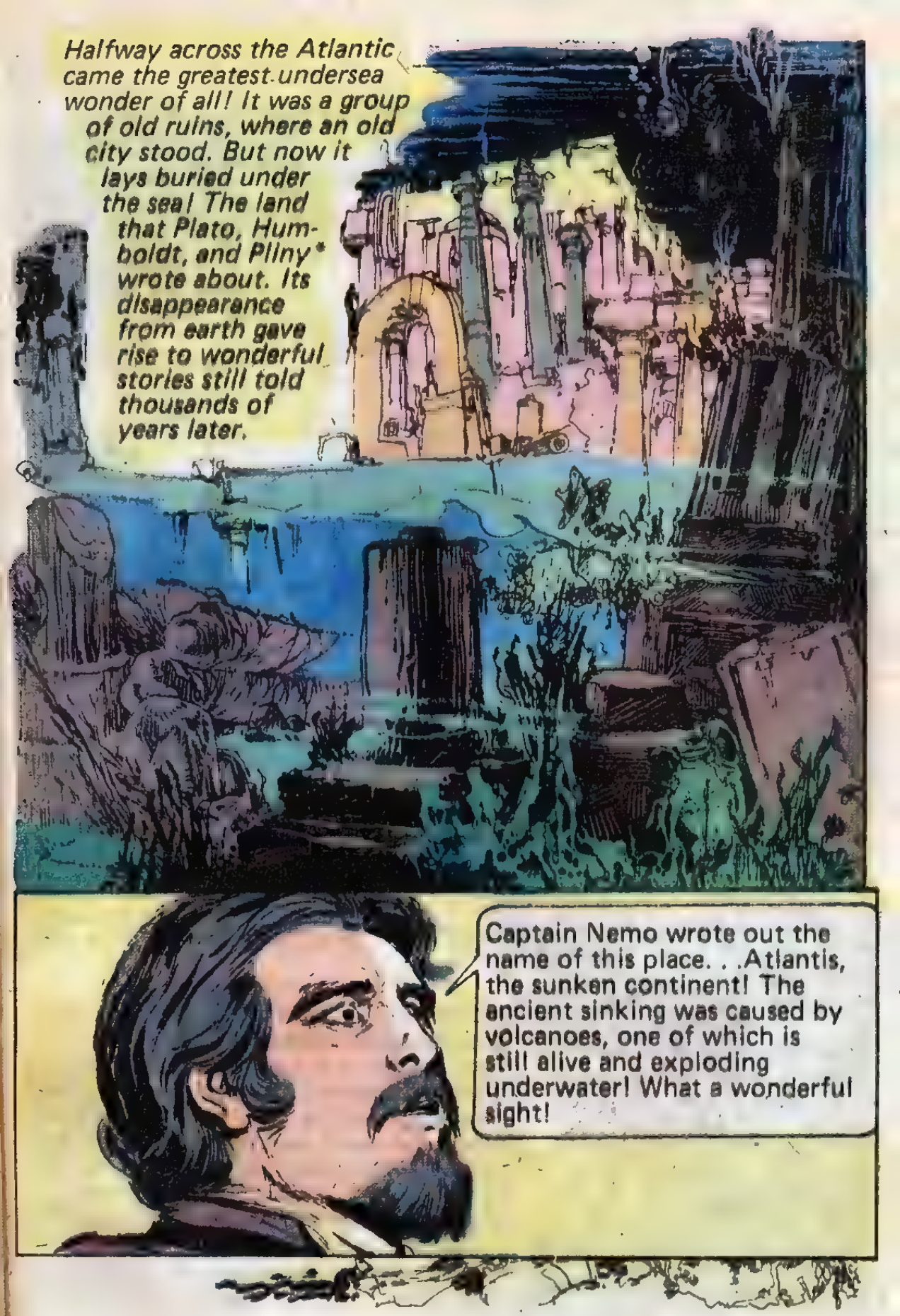



I soon found out as Nemo's crew left in diving suits, working on a wonderful job!
Behold, Professor! These are the very treasure ships that sank! My men are emptying the ships of some of their valuable treasure! The total wealth here is thought to be two and a half billion dollars!

Captain Nemo's face showed his anger as he answered hotly. . . .


I gather these riches for the poor, suffering people of the earth.
He really cares about his fellow human beings who are in need.

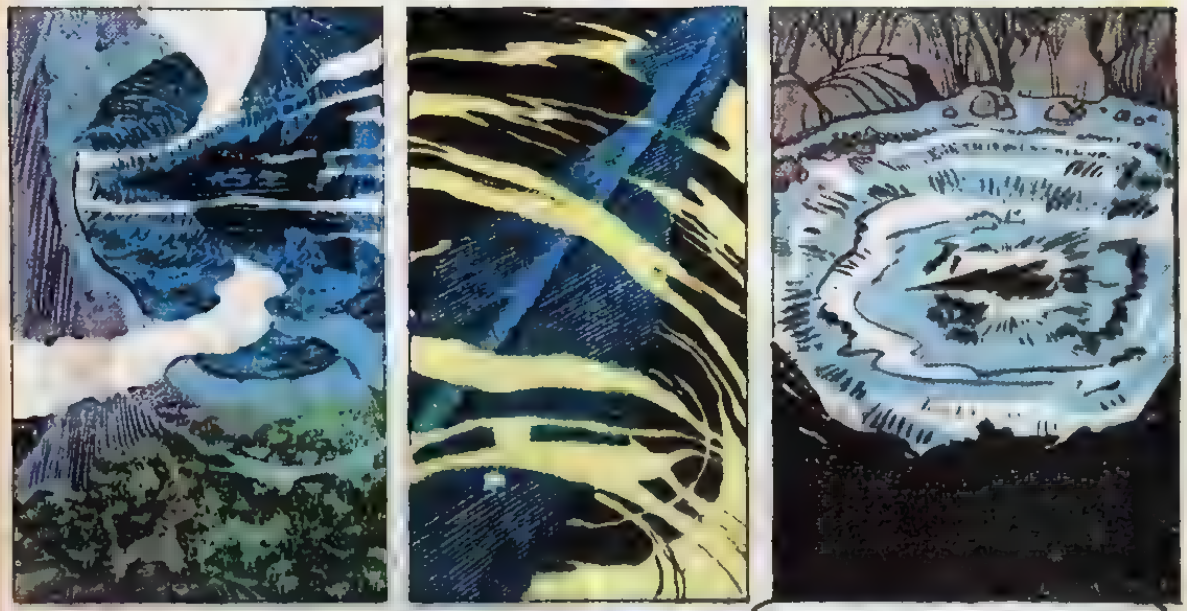
But, sir! Doesn't this sunken wealth really belong to Spain, not you?
Not only here in Vigo Bay, but in a thousand other spots where shipwrecks have happened, I pick up sunken treasure. Now you know the source of the millions I am worth.


Halfway across the Atlantic came the greatest undersea wonder of all! It was a group of old ruins, where an old city stood. But now it lays buried under the sea! The land that Plato, Humboldt, and Pliny* wrote about. Its disappearance from earth gave rise to wonderful stories still told thousands of years later.
Captain Nemo wrote out the name of this place. . .Atlantis, the sunken continent! The ancient sinking was caused by volcanoes, one of which is still alive and exploding underwater! What a wonderful sight!

* writers from 2000 years ago

Wonderful, indeed! I was seeing ruins thousands of years old, and I was walking the very path where the first man had walked! Captain Nemo seemed filled with joy, as if he was wondering where mankind was headed. In fact, I believed that this strange man came here often, to surround himself with these old ruins and to imagine what it was like to live in this old world. . he who wanted no life in the modern world!

In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, the Nautilus *entered an underwater tunnel in the side of a mountain. . .sailed along a tunnel heading upward. . .and came out in a dead volcano's crater which was now a lake in the open air!*



Nemo and his men went underwater to dig up coal for the electrical engines, my two friends and I went ashore.

I'll smoke out this beehive and we'll bring back tasty honey!

We sailed on westward and came to another wonder of the sea.

The Sargasso Sea! The strong currents bring many shipwrecks here. That seaweed is so thick that a ship's bow can hardly tear its way through, even under full power!

Still southward, the Nautilus *one day ran into a herd of angry, killer whales and for one hour many of these wild whales were killed by the ship's spear.*

Kill them! Killer whales are cruel and terrible animals, the natural enemy of the common whale!

By the 16th of March, where we were going was plain when we crossed the Antarctic Circle. . . and kept going south!

Giant icebergs! We must sail carefully through them.

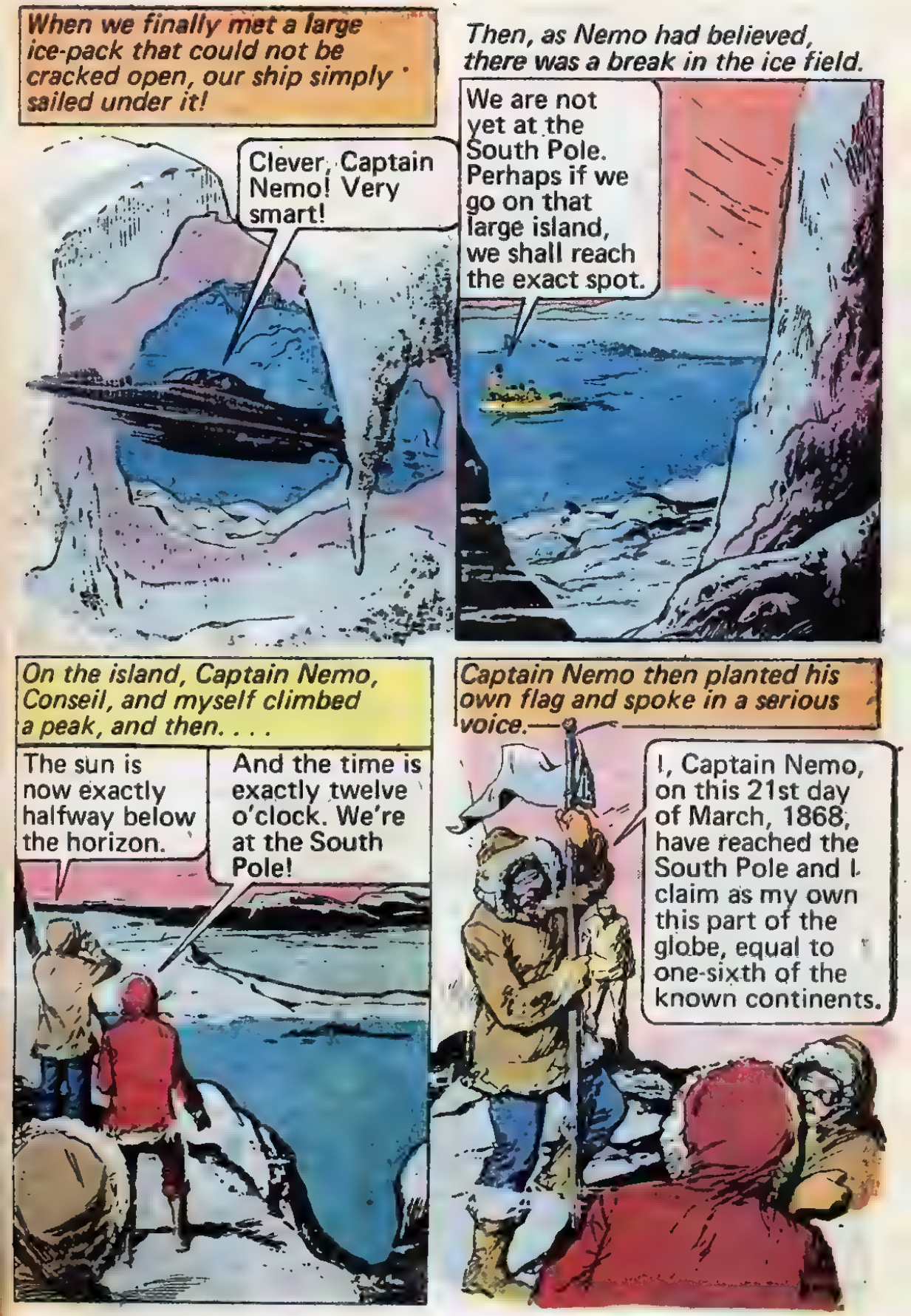
But when we were blocked off by a wall of ice, Captain Nemo simply drove his ship forward at full speed, and. . . .

We're cracking through! That will form a path of clear water ahead!

And then Nemo told us his dangerous plan!

You want to reach the South Pole?

Yes! The South Pole, the very bottom of the earth! And you know, Arronax, that my *Nautilus* can go anywhere I choose!


When we finally met a large ice-pack that could not be cracked open, our ship simply sailed under it!
Clever, Captain Nemo! Very smart!
Then, as Nemo had believed, there was a break in the ice field.
We are not yet at the South Pole. Perhaps if we go on that large island, we shall reach the exact spot.
On the island, Captain Nemo, Conseil, and myself climbed a peak, and then. . . .
The sun is now exactly halfway below the horizon.
And the time is exactly twelve o'clock. We're at the South Pole!
Captain Nemo then planted his own flag and spoke in a serious voice.
I, Captain Nemo, on this 21st day of March, 1868, have reached the South Pole and I claim as my own this part of the globe, equal to one-sixth of the known continents.

But while we were leaving the South Pole region, under the ice, a giant iceberg suddenly turned over and a terrible thing happened.

An unlucky accident! When icebergs are worn away at their base by warm water, the top becomes heavier, and the whole thing turns over!

In a few moments, the Nautilus *was actually at the water's surface, but held in a pocket within the iceberg!*

We are within a sort of watery tunnel inside the iceberg, but both ends are closed! We are blocked off from the open sea!

Nemo sent his crew out to dig through the thinnest of the ice-walls below the ship, but it was a real emergency.

We only have forty-eight hours of air aboard the ship! We must chop through the solid ice.

But then an even more dangerous thing happened!

The walls of this ice-cavern are closing in! That means the water around us will soon freeze solid and crush the *Nautilus* like a peanut shell!

Something must be done . . . Ah, I have it!

Captain Nemo had a smart idea. He had his men run water through the hot engine, and then pump it out in the form of. . . .

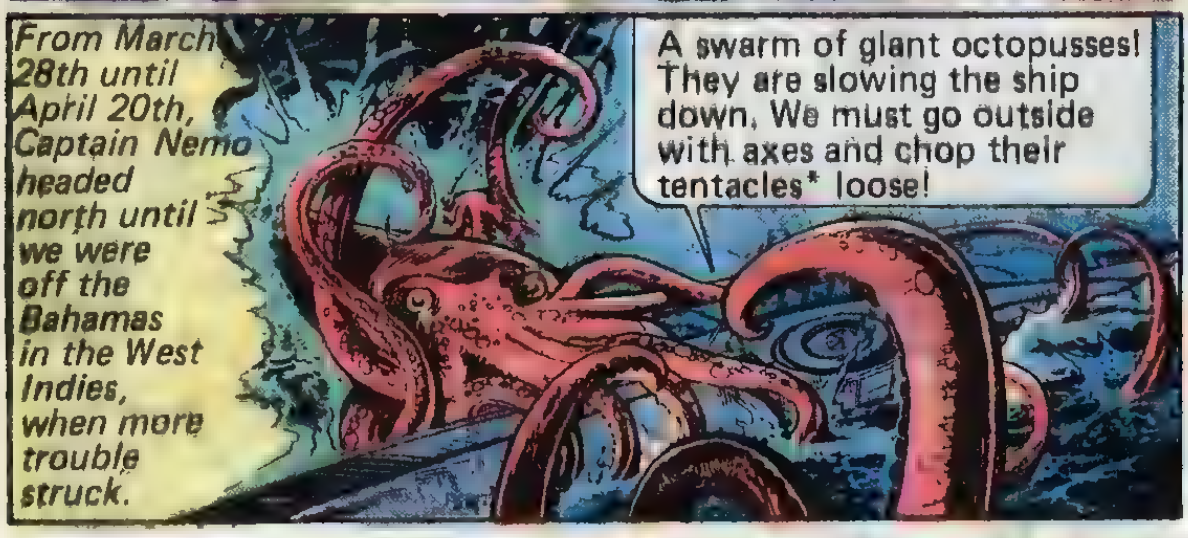
Boiling water! That will stop the freezing of this water pocket in which the *Nautilus* rests.

Forty-eight hours later, the men had cut through the ice-wall below us to two yards. . .but it was a hopeless race against time!

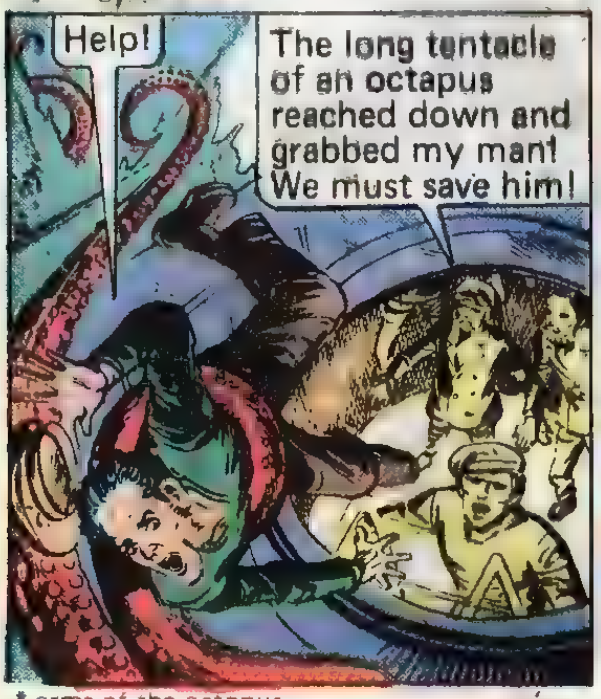
We will soon be out of air. . .difficult to breathe. My men will never chop through the rest of the ice in time. Only one thing to try. . . .

Using the strong construction of his ship against the hardness of the ice, Captain Nemo rammed straight down against the frozen wall.

We smashed through! As soon as we drive to the sea's surface, we can take in fresh air again!


From March 28th until April 20th, Captain Nemo headed north until we were off the Bahamas in the West Indies, when more trouble struck.
A swarm of giant octopusses! They are slowing the ship down. We must go outside with axes and chop their tentacles* loose!

But no sooner had the hatchway been opened. . . .

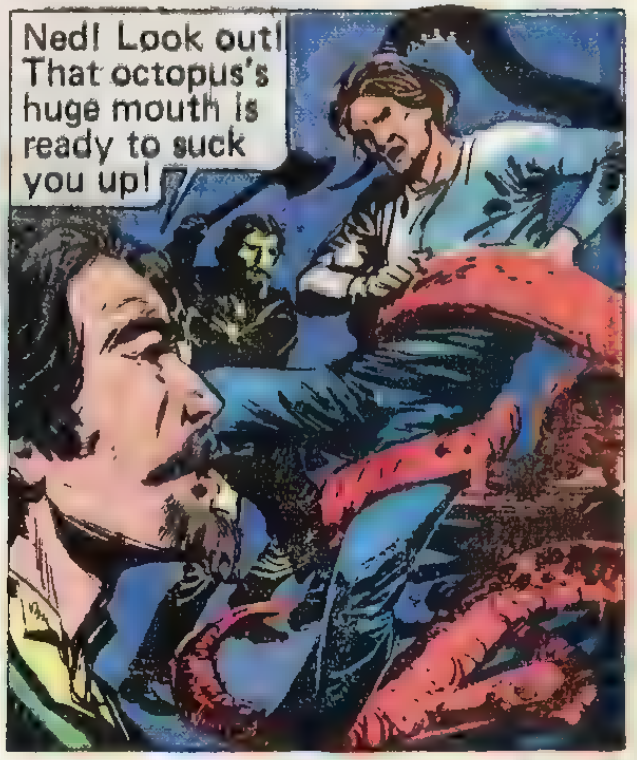


Without fear, Nemo rushed above and with one blow of his axe. . . .

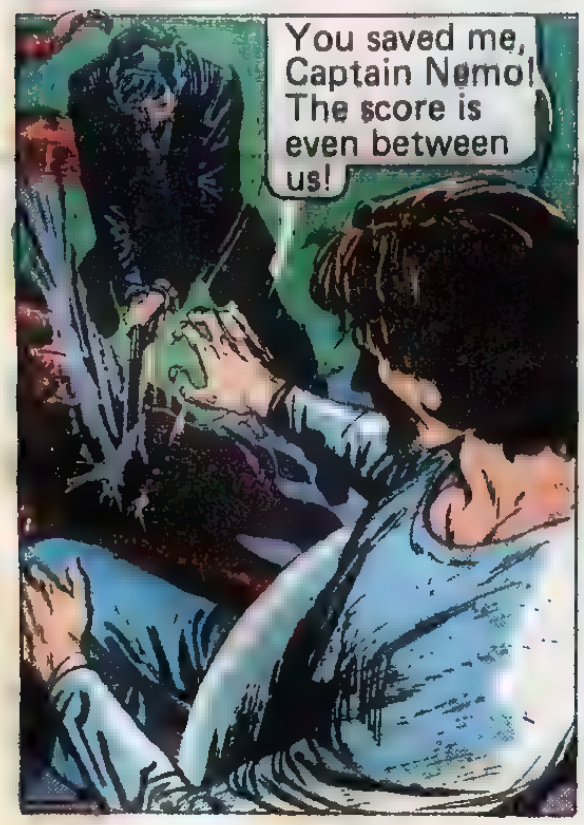
* arms of the octopus

Then the rest of us climbed out, and a horrible battle followed!

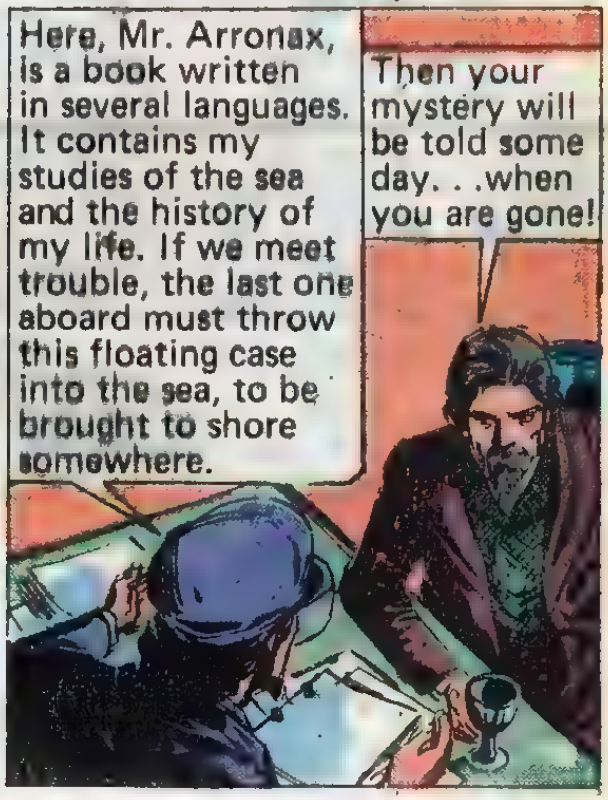
Suddenly, brave Ned Land was knocked over by an octopus, and. . . .

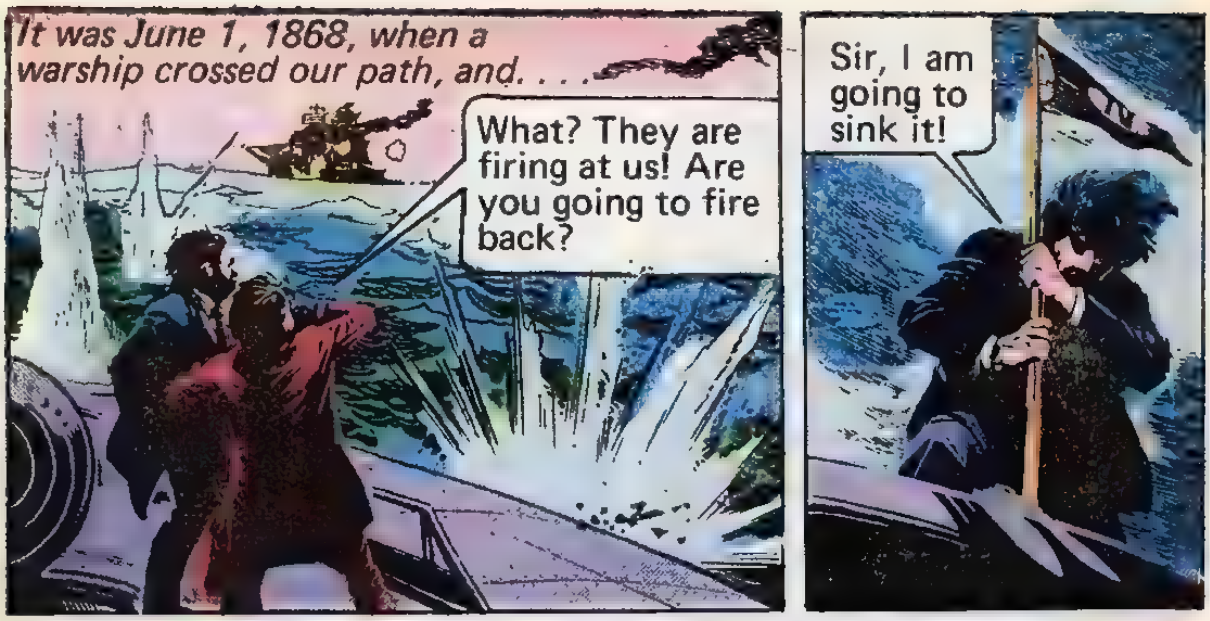


But Captain Nemo rushed forward, unafraid of danger, and. . . .



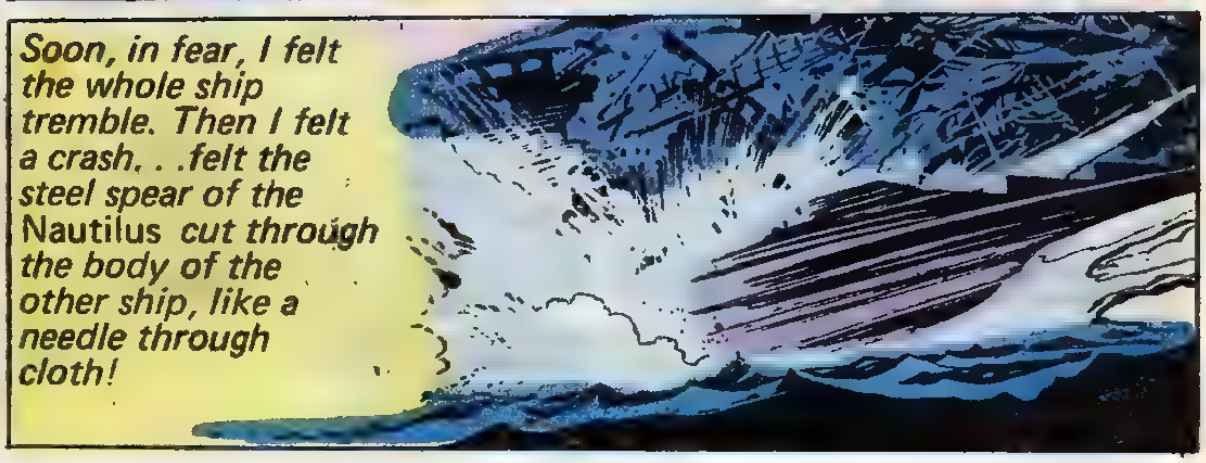
As we then continued to sail north, Captain Nemo called me to his cabin one day.

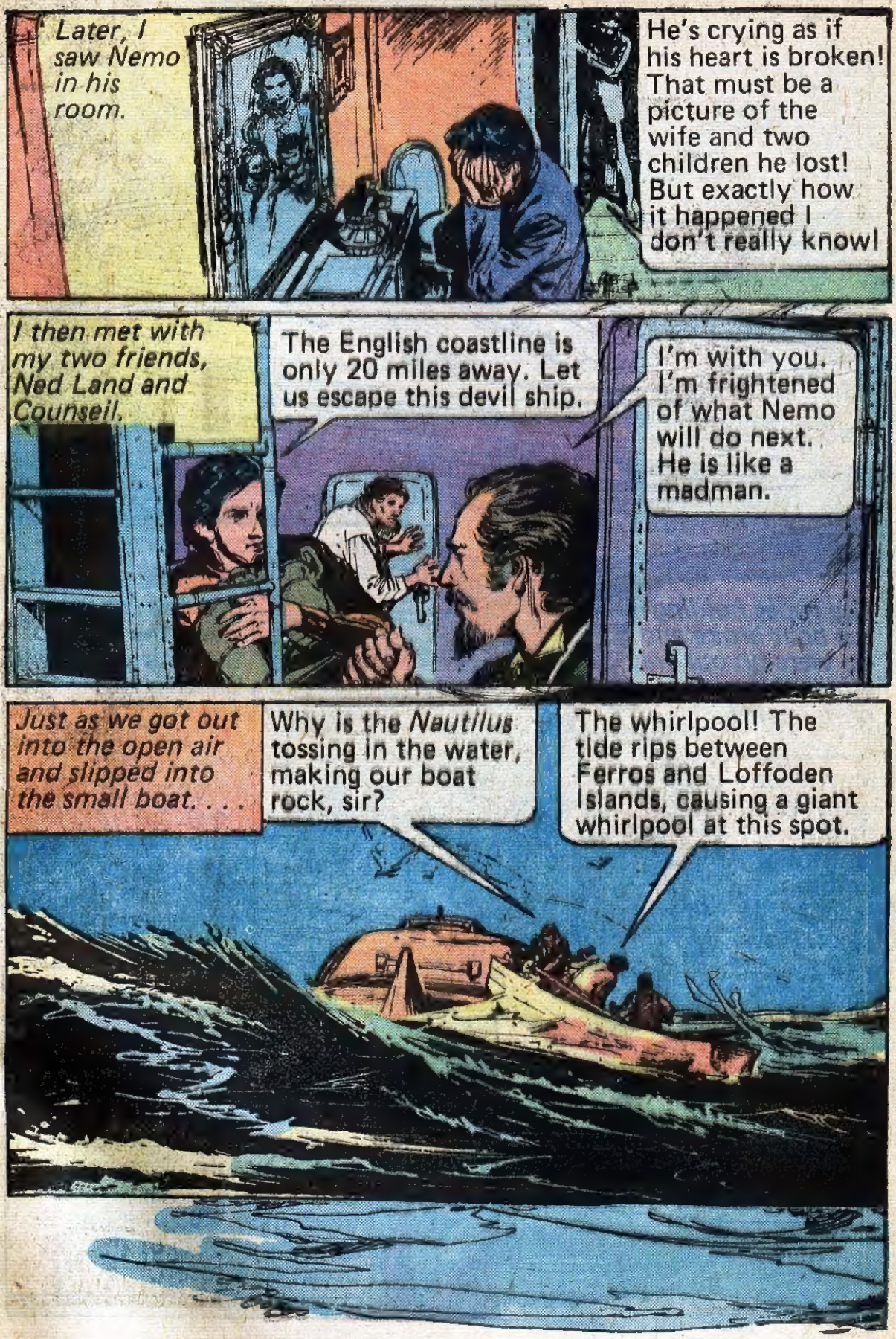

Here, Mr. Arronax, is a book written in several languages. It contains my studies of the sea and the history of my life. If we meet trouble, the last one aboard must throw this floating case into the sea, to be brought to shore somewhere.
Then your mystery will be told some day. . .when you are gone!

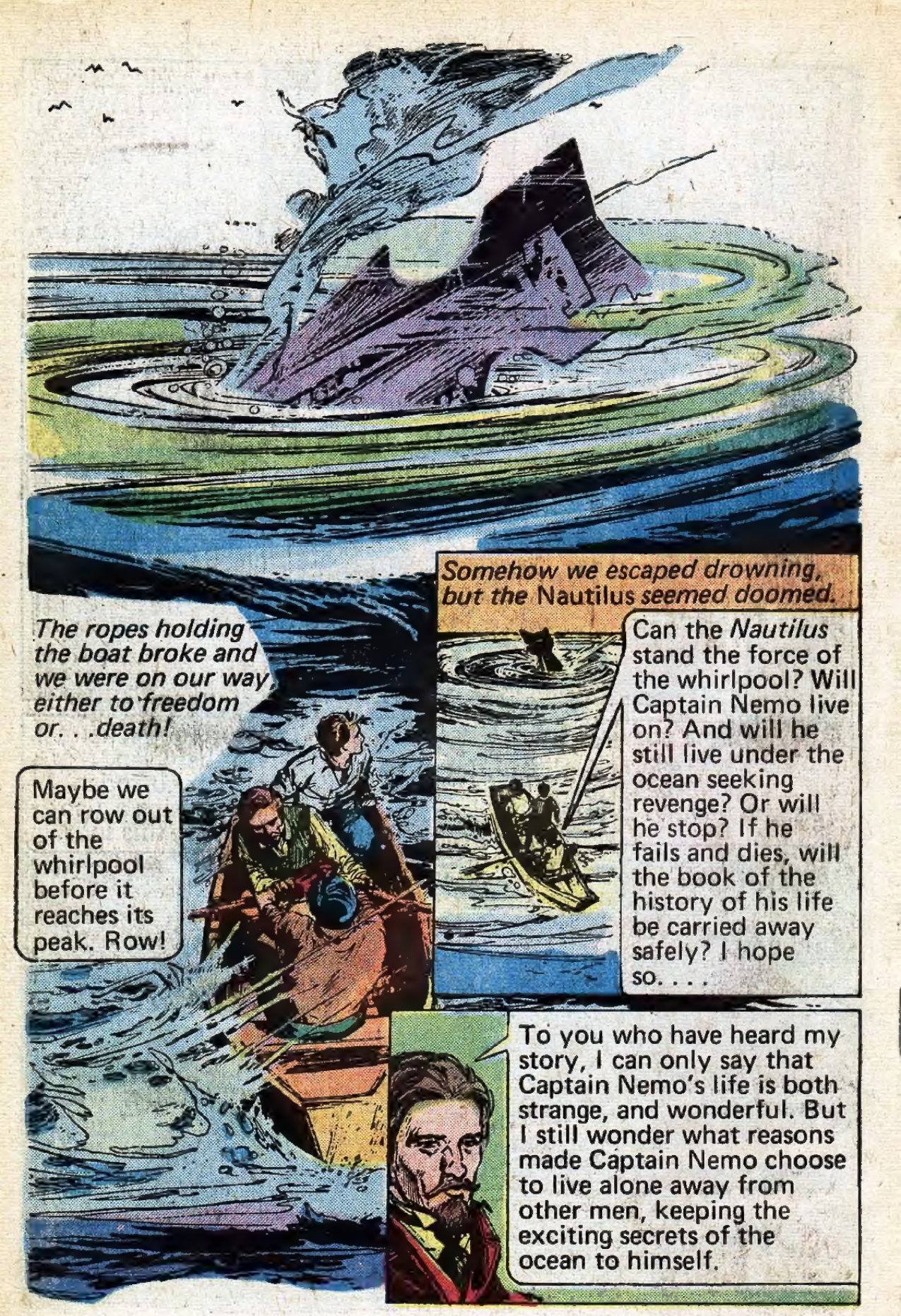

It was June 1, 1868, when a warship crossed our path, and. . . .
What? They are firing at us! Are you going to fire back?
Sir, I am going to sink it!

I tried to object but he then spoke confusing words with great emotion.

I am the law, and I am the judge! I am being attacked, and there is the attacker!
Through him I have lost all that I loved, and respected. . . country, wife, children, father, and mother!
I saw all die! All that is there on that ship! Say no more!


Soon, in fear, I felt the whole ship tremble. Then I felt a crash. . .felt the steel spear of the Nautilus cut through the body of the other ship, like a needle through cloth!


Later, I saw Nemo in his room.
He's crying as if his heart is broken! That must be a picture of the wife and two children he lost! But exactly how it happened I don't really know!
I then met with my two friends, Ned Land and Counseil.
The English coastline is only 20 miles away. Let us escape this devil ship.
I'm with you. I'm frightened of what Nemo will do next. He is like a madman.
Just as we got out into the open air and slipped into the small boat. . . .
Why is the Nautilus tossing in the water, making our boat rock, sir?
The whirlpool! The tide rips between Ferros and Loffoden Islands, causing a giant whirlpool at this spot.


Somehow we escaped drowning, but the Nautilus *seemed doomed.*
The ropes holding the boat broke and we were on our way either to freedom or. . .death!
Maybe we can row out of the whirlpool before it reaches its peak. Row!
Can the *Nautilus* stand the force of the whirlpool? Will Captain Nemo live on? And will he still live under the ocean seeking revenge? Or will he stop? If he fails and dies, will the book of the history of his life be carried away safely? I hope so. . . .
To you who have heard my story, I can only say that Captain Nemo's life is both strange, and wonderful. But I still wonder what reasons made Captain Nemo choose to live alone away from other men, keeping the exciting secrets of the ocean to himself.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born in Nantes, France in 1828, Jules Verne was the son of a lawyer. His father expected him to become a barrister, too, but Verne was addicted to sea travel and scientific study.

His interest in science led him to create rich science fiction. In fact, many of the creations of his fantasies described in his books were later actually invented. Submarines, for example, were used by Verne before their manufacture. And in the nineteenth century, Verne was talking about rockets around the moon, television, atomic bombs, Polar travel, photography, automobiles, and travel to the center of the earth.

Many of his scientific discoveries are embodied in his books. Two of the best known are *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* and *Around the World in Eighty Days.* He wrote also *The Castaways of the Flag, Five Weeks in a Balloon, Master of the World, From the Earth to the Moon,* and *Mysterious Island.*

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